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A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

SONGS;

OR, AN

APPENDAGE

TO THE

PIANO-FORTE.

CONTAINING

The Names of the Authors, Composers, Publishers, and principal Singers;

PRESENTING, AT ONE VIEW, THE MOST COMPLETE INFORMATION OF THE SEVERAL SONGS EVER OFFERED TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

PRINTED BY AND FOR S. HODGSON, AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN GENERAL.

1806.

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11-2-1907

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IN presenting to the Public this COLLECTION of SONGS, the Publisher is aware that, on a transient view, it may, by some, be thought superfluous to add to the number already in circulation; yet it is presumed, on an attentive perusal, the novelty of the PLAN, as well as the choice in the selection, will not only be deemed a sufficient apology, but will likewise secure it the patronage of the Musical World.

To Professional Gentlemen, as well as to the Amateur, who may occasionally be concerned in the arrangement of Concerts, the advantage of having a collection of the most approved songs, arranged so as to convey, at one view, every information necessary to be obtained, cannot fail to be acceptable and highly useful.

As an appendage to the Piano-Forte, this little volume is peculiarly adapted.—The elegance of its appearance, together with the intrinsic merit of its contents, will, it is hoped, recommend it to the protection of the British Fair, and become their companion in the hour of musical recreation.

The Newcastle Chronicle Printing-Office.

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COLLECTION OF SONGS.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

Written by THOMSON. —— *Published by* PRESTON, DALE, ETC. —— *Set to Music by* DR ARNE.

Sung by Mr Incledon, &c.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

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Still more majestic shalt thou rise—
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More, &c.
As the loud blast, loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,—
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall, &c.
Blest isle! with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

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THE THORN.

BURNS.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
No, by heav'ns, I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I shew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry;
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:
Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by heav'ns, I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

THE POST-CAPTAIN.

RANNIE.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger,

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When ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing yoe! heave, yoe!
Singing yoe! heave, yoe!

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd
With quickness, care, and spirit,—
Whose generous master then discern'd
And priz'd his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convuls'd the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, hard a-port! helm a-lee!
Luff, boys, luff! keep her near!
Clear the buoy, make the pier!
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,
Hard a-port! helm a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated;
And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
Post-Captain he is rated.
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her:
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth,—
All the fleet drink his health—

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Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to shew
To a brave conquer'd foe.

LOVE AND GLORY.

T. DIBDIN.——CORRI, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane follow'd, fought—a hapless story:
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She dy'd for love, and he for glory.

TOBY PHILPOT.

DAWKES.——PRESTON, LONDON.——HODSON.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale,

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Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In bouzing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And amongst jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as, in dog-days, he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With his friend and his pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,—
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in a covert so snug,—
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

ALL'S WELL!—DUETT.

T. DIBDIN.————CORRI, LONDON.————BRAHAM.

Sung by Messrs Braham and Incledon.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,—
Who goes there?—stranger,—quickly tell,—
A friend,—the word,—good night;—all's well!

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Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear:—
What cheer!—brother,—quickly tell,—
Above,—below,—good night;—all's well!

IF WINE AND MUSIC, ETC.

PRIOR.——LONGMAN AND BRODERIP, LOND.——HARRIS.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl;
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasure to destroy
The sorrows of the live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:—
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

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HAIL, HAPPY WARBLER.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, LONDON.——HARRISON.

Sung by Mrs Harrison.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER hill and valley, dell and glade,
When May her vernal tints display'd,
Anna, with youth and beauty blest,
Thus the hov'ring lark address'd:—

AIR.

"Hail, happy warbler, ever gay,—
For Anna tune thy vocal lay;
And, whilst thou wing'st thy airy flight,
Let thy sweet song my soul delight.
Come, lovely minstrel, quit the plain;
My cot shall yield thee better grain;
My hand shall daily give thee fare,
And thy sweet note repay my care:
No wiry cell shall thee restrain;
Gay as when o'er the flow'ry plain,—
Light as when pois'd aloft in air,—
So light, sweet bird, shall be thy care.
Stop, little bird, thy airy flight,
And with thy song my soul delight."

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POLLACCA.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

NO more by sorrow chas'd, my heart
Shall yield to fell despair;
Now joy repels th' envenom'd dart,
And conquers every care.

So, in our woods, the hunted boar
On nature's strength relies;
The forests echo with his roar;
In turn the hunter flies.

THE CUCKOO.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——CASSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

NOW the sun is in the west,
Sinking slow behind the trees;
And the cuckoo, welcome guest,
Gently woos the evening breeze.
Sportive now the swallows play,
Lightly skimming o'er the brook;
Darting swift, they wing their way
Homeward to their peaceful nook;
Whilst the cuckoo, bird of spring,
Still amidst the trees doth sing,—
Cuckoo——.

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Chearful, see yon shepherd boy
Climbing up the craggy rocks;
As he views the dappled sky,
Pleas'd, the cuckoo's notes he mocks.
Now, advancing o'er the plain,
Evening's dusky shades appear,—
And the cuckoo's voice again
Softly steals upon mine ear,
Whilst, retiring from my view,
Thus she bids the day adieu—
Cuckoo———.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

T. DIBDIN.————CORRI, LONDON.————BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

HARK! where martial music, sounding far,
From peace to glory many a youth invites;
While many a maiden's tears condemn the war,
That tears her lad from love and love's delights;
Till Time, on Neptune's wings,
The welcome letter brings!
And then of promis'd joys she sweetly sings;
"What happy days shall Sally prove,
"When blest with William and with love!"

Marching over Egypt's tented plain,
Or braving foes on India's distant shore,
The youth, by Fancy whisper'd, fears again
To see his love and native land no more;

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Till Time, on Neptune's wings,
The welcome letter brings!
And then of promis'd joy he gaily sings;
"What happy days shall William prove,
"When blest with Sally and with love!"

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID!

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

WHEN absent from her my soul holds most dear,
What medley of passions invade!
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what fear,
I endure for my beautiful maid!

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,
Or quit the gay throng for the shade;
Nor retirement nor solitude yields me relief,
When away from my beautiful maid!

THE BIRD IN YONDER CAGE, ETC.

T. DIBDIN.——CORRI, LONDON.——CORRI.

Sung by Madame Storace.

THE bird in yonder cage confin'd
Sings but to lovers young and true;
Then pray approach, if you can find
The pictures suit,—ah no, not you.

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Good-nature only wakes the lay;
A father kind the feat may do;
Then pray approach, if you can find
The pictures suit,—no, no, not you.

MARIA.

T. DIBDIN.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

THO' born in fashion's gayest sphere,
To scandal o'er her tea
Maria ne'er inclin'd an ear,
For very deaf was she:
In beauty to behold a flaw
She was not so unkind,
A rival's follies seldom saw,
For she was nearly blind.

Yet had she heard or seen, yet mum
She'd been, nor e'er so weak
As tell the tale,—for, being dumb,
Maria could not speak.
In fashion's circles, Friendship dear
May well her loss deplore,
And learn, from what they see or hear,
Maria is no more!

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I SMILE AT LOVE, ETC.

VANBRUGH.——LONGMAN, LONDON.——GIORDANI.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

I SMILE at Love and all his arts,
The charming Cynthia cries:
Take heed, for Love has fatal darts,
A wounded swain replies.

Once free and bless'd as you are now,
I dally'd with his charms,
I sported with his little bow,
And pointed at his arms.

Till urg'd too far, Revenge! he cries;
A fatal shaft he drew;
It took its passage thro' your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence I strove in vain,
For I too quickly found
'Twas only to increase the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.

FAR, FAR AT SEA!

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——FLORIO.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

'TWAS at night, when the bell had told twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,

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In her ear whisper'd some flitting elve,
Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
Far, far at sea!

All was dark as she 'woke out of breath;
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save Fancy, which painted her lover
Far, far at sea!

So she whisper'd a pray'r, clos'd her eyes;
But the phantom still haunted her pillow;
Whilst, in terror, she echo'd his cries,
As struggling he sunk in a billow,
Far, far at sea!

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin, &c.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife;
Those tears but ill become thee:
What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,

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The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee:
I go assur'd,—my life, adieu,—
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

THE CAPTIVE TO HIS BIRD.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

O SING, sweet bird! from that lov'd strain
A transient bliss I feel,

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To lull that sorrow which in vain
I labour to conceal:
O sing, sweet bird, &c.

From Sylvia torn, whose vocal pow'r
Made earth a heav'n to me,
To cheer each sad and lonely hour
I fondly taught it thee:
O sing, sweet bird, &c.

That if misfortune damp my love,
Or yield me up to care,
Thy lay may rouse my soul, and prove
A rescue from despair:
O sing, sweet bird, &c.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

BURNS.——————GOULDING, LOND.——————THOMPSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

O MY love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune!
As fair art thou, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry!

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun!

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And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run!
And fare thee weel, my only love!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

FAITHLESS EMMA!

G. A. ESQ.————HIME, LIVERPOOL.————STEVENSON.

Sung by Mr Spray.

I WANDER'D once at break of day,
While yet upon the sunless sea,
In wanton sighs, the breeze delay'd,
And o'er the wavy surface play'd;
Then first the fairest face I knew,
First lov'd the eye of softest blue,
And ventur'd, fearful, first to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip
Of faithless Emma!

So mix'd the rose and lily's white,
That Nature seem'd uncertain quite,
To deck her cheeks, what flow'rs she'd chose,
The lily or the blushing rose!
I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,
Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye,
And never, never dar'd to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip
Of faithless Emma!

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For though, from rosy dawn of day,
I rove along, and anxious stray,
Till night, with curtain dark, descend,
And day no more its gleamings lend;
Yet still like hers no cheek I find,
Like hers no eye, (save in my mind)
Where still I fancy that I sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip
Of faithless Emma!

SWEET LITTLE MARGARET.

LYSAGHT.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

SWEET little Margaret, oh my delight,
Your air's so engaging, your beauty so bright,
'Tis heaven to tarry with you, love:
Ah! lend me your hand, feel my heart how it beats;
Its throbbing pulse tenderly, softly repeats
The passion it feels for its true love.

Sweet little Margaret, graceful and fair,
The joy of my heart, and the balm of my care,
Believe me, I live but for you, love;
Let's seal our fond vows with a rapturous kiss,
And sweeten Life's cup with the soul-soothing bliss
That flows from empassion'd and true love.

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WANDERING MARY!

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————THOMPSON.

BLEAK blows the storm upon that breast,
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow;
Oh! take me to some place of rest,
Where I may slumber till to-morrow.
You view my face; it once was fair;
At least, so said my charming Harry;
But he is gone, and black despair
Is all that's left to wand'ring Mary!

No thief am I, as some alledge,
Tho' sore hath cold and hunger try'd me;
I pluck the hawberry from the hedge,
When human aid is oft deny'd me.
But, hush, my babe! tho' large the load
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry,
Within some cold grave's bleak abode
You'll sweetly sleep with wand'ring Mary!

POOR PAT O'CONNOR.

RYLEY.——————NOT PUBLISHED.——————ANON.

Sung by Mr Ryley.

AH! bless your honor! poor Pat O'Connor,
Ploughing on the sea,
Lost his precious sight by lightning in the night!
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!

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On board a privateer, I knew not what was fear;
Yet, alas! I'm here, and forc'd to go a begging!
Ah! bless your honor! poor Pat O'Connor
Begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!

Three babies and a wife I left, to give my life,
And fight the enemy;
Yet now each day is night, and in this wretched plight
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!
My wife, for want of bread, alas! poor girl, she's dead;
My babies too are fled, they're gone to Davy's locker!
Ah! bless your honor, &c.

I should not be here now, if I, with gallant Howe,
My lights had lost at sea;
For then provision's made, they're safe in Greenwich laid.
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!
I'd rather beg my bread, than e'er it should be said
They to the poor-house led a valiant English sailor!
Ah! bless your honor, &c.

SOFT AS THE MORNING.

T. DIBDIN.——GOULDING, LOND.——INCLEDON.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

SOFT as the morning's blushing hue,
Arose my lovely Kate;

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And, glitt'ring as the vernal dew,
Auspicious beam'd her fate.

But morning dews soon pass away;
So vanish'd Kate's delight:
The hope that flatter'd early day
For ever clos'd at night.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

DIBDIN.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers
Who tells us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A cann of good stuff! had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools
Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I ffom Guinea
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink. Said I, father, your health.
So I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog;

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And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog;
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind fouly or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

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MY MOTHER BIDS ME, ETC.

ANON.——————CLEMENTI, LONDON.——————HAYDN.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

MY mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbands rare,
And lace my boddice blue:
"For why," she cries, "sit still and weep,
"While others dance and play?"
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear;
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

THE MERMAIDS' SONG.

ANON.——————CLEMENTI, LONDON.——————HAYDN.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

NOW the dancing sun-beams play
On the green and glassy sea;
Come, and I will lead the way,
Where the pearly treasures be.

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Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow:
Follow, follow, follow me;
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far beneath the rolling waves;
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in Ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay;
Stormy winds are far away:
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow:
Follow, follow, follow me;
Follow, follow, follow me.

FRAGRANT ROSES, ETC.

ANON.——————CORRI, ETC. LOND.——————SALIERI.

Sung by Mrs Clendining.

FRAGRANT roses all entwin'd,
'Twixt the fingers of the fair;
And the chaplets so design'd,
For their true-love's brows prepare.
Gift of Venus, blushing, glowing,
Let the lovely rose be seen;
While the lilies, sweets bestowing,
Make the wreath an evergreen.

Digitized by Google

LISTLESS [illegible]

ANONYMOUS [illegible]

[illegible]

LISTLESS [illegible]
Winter's dreary [illegible]
Rainy gales and [illegible]
Discuss the [illegible]
See, see, Maria [illegible]
The earliest [illegible]
And see you [illegible]
With [illegible]

'Tis [illegible]'s care [illegible]
The wreath, the [illegible]
This day with joy [illegible]
Which added Laura [illegible]
Regent regent of her [illegible]
O ever grant thy [illegible]
Of verdant meads [illegible]
And careful shepherd [illegible]

O LOVE [illegible]

ANONYMOUS [illegible]

[illegible]

O LOVE, decree [illegible]
Why should [illegible]
A bliss or sorrow [illegible]
To cheat, alas [illegible]

Digitized by Google

On plighted vows, on transports dwell;
Such, Memory, alone impart:
From thy record these fondly tell,
And kindly cheat the silly heart.

THE SOLDIER TIR'D, ETC.

ANON.——DALE, ETC. LONDON.——ARNE.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But, if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

HOPE TOLD A FLATT'RING TALE.

DR WALCOTT.——GOULDING, LOND.——PAISIELLO.

Sung by Madame Mara.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
That Joy would soon return;
Ah! nought my sighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me for ever flown;
Ah! nought my sighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.

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The happy dream of Love is o'er;
Life, alas! can charm no more.

ARE YE FAIR, ETC.

R. HOARE.——DALE, LONDON.——PAISIELLO.

Sung by Madame Storace.

ARE ye fair as opening roses?
Tender maidens, ah, beware!
When its bloom the heart discloses,
Love will find a dwelling there.
Prudence, then, in vain opposes;
Youth is never wise as fair.

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

ANON.——PRESTON, LONDON.——WEBBE.

Sung by Mr Harrison.

RECITATIVE.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing,
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring;
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine;
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom had stray'd;
I'll seek to replace it with art:
But, no; 'twill her slumbers invade:
I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.

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Alas, silly rose, hadst thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown;
Her bosom's the Mansion of Peace.

ADIEU, THOU DREARY PILE!

SHERIDAN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————LINLEY.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

ADIEU, thou dreary pile!
Where sadness never dies,
Where Echo still repeats
The mourner's plaintive sighs!

AH! NO, MY LOVE, NO.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow;
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you:
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love, no.
I own it would please me, at home would you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? Ah! no, my love, no.

Now do not, dear Hall, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on another bestow:

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Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying:
Do you think I'd suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no.
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Ah! no, my love, no.

THE ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

T. DIBDIN.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

WHEN Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove
In Ætna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
Their use and power below;
But finding, in the boundless deep,
Such thunders would not idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right;
And when, thro' circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
May Justice guide her aim:
When, if assail'd in future wars,
Her soldiers brave, and gallant tars,
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

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FAIR ELLEN.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

FAIR Ellen like a lily grew,
Was Beauty's fav'rite flower,
Till Falsehood chang'd her lovely hue;
She wither'd in an hour.
Antonio, in her virgin breast,
First rais'd a tender sigh:
The artless maid her flame confest;
He left her then to die.

LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

O'KEEFE.——LONGMAN, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

LET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry to the war;
Let Glory re-echo the strain:
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl;
On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love.

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What's glory, but pride? A vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleasure of wine:
What's riches, but trouble? and title's a name:
But friendship and love are divine.

BENEATH THE WILLOW TREE.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

OH! take me to your arms, my love, for keen the wind doth blow;
Oh! take me to your arms, my love, for bitter is my woe!
She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list to me;
And here I lie, in misery, beneath the willow tree!

My love has wealth and beauty—the rich attend her door;
My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas, am poor!
The ribband fair, that bound her hair, is all that's left to me;
While here I lie, in misery, beneath the willow tree!

I once had gold and silver—I thought them without end;
I once had gold and silver, and I thought I had a friend!
My wealth is lost—my friend is false—my love he stole from me;
And here I lie, in misery, beneath the willow tree!

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BREATHE SOFT, YE FLUTES.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, LONDON.——CALCOTT.

Sung by Mrs Harrison.

RECITATIVE.

BREATHE soft, ye flutes; from heav'n descend, sweet Pow'r,
Of soothing strain and modulated air,—
Diffuse thy influence round;
Let softest, sweetest notes abound,
To cheer the pensive hour.

AIR.

Harmony, from blissful seats above,
Descend, on plumage of the dove;
Of Peace and gentle Sleep thou sister fair,
Softly bring thy holy treasure,
Pour it o'er the trembling strings,
And, as I pause, to swell the measure,
Sweep the lyre with thy seraphic wings.
Hark, a bolder note is sounding,—
Hear the hunter's jocund horn,
From the woods and hills rebounding,
Cheerly calls the roseate morn.
Echo, playful nymph, awake,
And, starting from thy airy seat,
The sounds that float in mazy circles lake,
With iteration glad the tuneful close repeat:
Let rocks, and vales, and woods repel
The sound of merry horn and soft recording shell.

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GREEN LEAVES ALL TURN YELLOW.

KENNY.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.

A SAGE once to a maiden sung,
While summer leaves were growing;
Experience dwelt upon his tongue,—
With love her heart was glowing:
The summer bloom will fade away,
And will no more be seen;
These leaves, which look so fresh and gay,
Will not be ever green;
For green leaves all turn yellow.

'Tis thus with the delights of love,
The youthful heart beguiling;
Believe me, you will find them prove
As transient, tho' as smiling.
Not long they flourish ere they fade,
As sadly I have seen;
Yes, like the summer leaves, sweet maid,
Oh, none are ever green;
For green leaves all turn yellow.

THE GIPSIES' GLEE.

ANON.——————CLEMENTI, LONDON.——————REEVE.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

OH! who has seen the miller's wife?
I, and kindled up new strife!

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A shilling from her palm I took,
Ere on the cross lines I could look.

Who has the tanner's daughter seen?
I in quest of her have been;
But as the tanner was within,
'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.

From every place condemn'd to roam,
In every place we seek a home;
These branches form our summer's roof,
By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof.

In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
We clearly pass our winter days;
Come circle round the gipsies' fire,
Our songs, our stories never tire;
Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find the gipsies' life is merry.

IN RAPTURE BE MY VOWS, ETC.

T. DIBDIN.——————KELLY.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Billington and Mr Kelly.

IN rapture be my vows exprest;
Was ever man so rarely blest?
My soul, with extasy and glee,
Henceforth I offer up to thee.
Convinc'd that you will faithful prove,
I shall not now conceal my love:
From pressing ills, and Fate's alarms,
I find a refuge in those arms.

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Farewell each anxious boding,
Farewell ye pangs so goading:
Possessing thee, my treasure,
I scorn one moment's leisure,
To claim of thee, fond love.

Farewell, ye anxious hours.

WITH LOWLY SUIT, ETC.

HOARE.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Madame Storace.

WITH lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity;
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my lot;
From passing strangers aid intreating,
I wander thus alone, forgot.
Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And Heav'n reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken;
Of battles fought, and captives taken;
The jovial tar so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desart shore;
The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more.
Relieve my woes, &c.

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WHILE WITH VILLAGE MAIDS, ETC.

MRS BROOKS.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

WHILE with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day,
Chearful glows my artless breast,
Mild Content the constant guest.

OH! LADY FAIR!—GLEE.

MOORE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——MOORE.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

OH, lady fair! where art thou roaming?
The sun is sunk, the night is coming.
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And who is the man with his white locks flowing?
Oh, lady fair! where is he going?
A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain—night-winds are blowing;
Dreary and dark's the way you're going.

Fair lady, rest, till morning blushes;
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
Oh, stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
Thou, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow;
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

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Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew, then, oh strew, our beds of rushes;
Here you shall rest till morning blushes.

THE STREAMLET.

DUDLEY.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft has its course been forgot,
While I paus'd her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
For, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

SESTINI'S RONDO.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, LONDON.——GIORDANI.

Sung by Sestini.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for ev'ry feature?
Must I always sue in vain?

Tears and sighing could not move you,
For a lover ought to dare;

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When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.

THO' PLEASURE SWELLS, ETC.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mr Braham.

THO' pleasure swells the jovial cry,
Amid the chace resounding;
While light with airy steps we fly,
O'er hill and valley bounding:
Pleas'd, I forego delights so sweet,
A parent's dearer smiles to meet.
Tho' pleasure, &c.

WHY WITH SIGHS; OR, SE TI PERDO.

ANON.——————HIME, LIVERPOOL.——————GUGLIELMI.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

WHY with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow,
Ask me not; 'tis past the telling;
Mute involuntary woe.

Who, to winds and waves a stranger,
Vent'rous, tempts the raging seas,
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rising breeze.

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E SEEKS ANOTHER.

ALLINGHAM.——GOULDING, LONDON.——M. P. KING.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

FAR, far from me my lover flies—
A faithless lover he!
In vain my tears, in vain my sighs!
No longer true to me,
He seeks another!

So wav'ring his inconstant mind,
That, one fond moment past,
She shall, like me, with sorrow find
He'll fly from her as fast,
To seek another!

Lie still, my heart, no longer grieve,
No pangs to him betray,
Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,
Then laughing went away
To seek another!

THE ROSE.

CUNNINGHAM.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung by Miss Tennant.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.

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It scented ev'ry breeze
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled thro' the trees
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel;
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell:
And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of beauty greets
The gentle queen of flow'rs.

HAVE YOU FORGOT, ETC.

ALLINGHAM.——GOULDING, LONDON.——M. P. KING.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

HAVE you forgot the masquerade,
Where thus I danc'd, and thus I play'd,
And where a thousand times you said,
"I'm yours for ever, lovely maid?"
Tira lira la.

Yes, you've forgot the love you feign'd;
Those vows were made but to deceive:
The heart by specious arts once gain'd,
Without one kind adieu, you leave.
Tira lira la.

Now quite forgot, &c. &c.

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CASTANET SONG.

REYNOLDS.——DALE, LONDON.——REEVE.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

OH, we merry little Spanish girls are ever free from woe;
We prattle and rattle wherever we go;
O'er the mountains so lofty, thro' vallies so bright,
We trip it and skip it, from morning till night.
When we're courted by the old men, our scorn we disclose;
But when lov'd by the young and bold men, *c'est toute autre chose.*
We've a happy knack,
With our tick a tack,
Ting ting a ring a ring a ring.

Should my lover prove a cruel swain, I'd never fume or fret,
But titter and chatter, and flirt and coquette;
For if sorrow once should wrinkle this beautiful face,
My skipping and tripping are quite out of place;
And the silly fickle creature his pity then shews;
But if beauty gilds each feature, *c'est toute autre chose.*
We've a happy knack,
With our tick a tack.
Ting ting a ring a ring a ring.

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HE SLEEPS IN YONDER, ETC.

RANNIE.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——DR CALCOTT.

Sung at the Nobility's Concert.

WHILE o'er thy cheek, desponding maid,
The tear of Sorrow hangs so pale,
Why mov'st thou tow'rd the mournful shade?
Why stray thy steps to yonder vale,
Where, wrapt in Love's delightful dream,
We sang beneath the fairy glade,
When, trembling o'er the silver stream,
The yellow moon-beams form'd a shade?

Thy lover, at the wonted hour,
Chides not thy stay with tender haste;
His gentle form, in yonder bower,
Is now to Earth's cold pillow prest!
Pale as the flower whose snowy bell
Hangs weeping near the winding wave,
He lies in yonder lonely vale—
He sleeps in yonder dewy grave!

With tender songs, to soothe his shade,
The Muses throng'd around his bier;
On yonder shrine pale Pity bled,
And Friendship shed her warmest tear!
And still his fate the tear will move,
While Virtue lives his worth to own,—
Whose heart was the abode of Love,
And meek Compassion's tender throne!

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FLOW, THOU REGAL, ETC.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————ARNOLD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

FLOW, thou regal purple stream,
Tinctéd by the solar beam;
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes:
Flow, thou, &c.

My brain, ascend on Fancy's wing;
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king:
My brain, ascend, &c.

While I live, I'll lave my clay;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, and that was May:
While I live, &c.

LULLABY.

COBB.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Madame Storace.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothe them with their lullaby.

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Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

MY NATIVE LAND, ETC.

COBB.——————LONGMAN, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mr Sedgewick.

MY native land I bade adieu,
And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd;
But, ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my true-love I left behind!
But should her truth feel no decay,
And absence prove my fair-one kind,
Then shall not I lament the day
When my true-love I left behind.

THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

T. DIBDIN.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

'TIS n't the jacket nor trowsers blue,
The song or the grog so cheerly,
That shew us the heart of a seaman true,
Or tell us his manners sincerely:

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'Tis the hour of strife,
When venturing life,
Where the spirits of Prudence might fail her;
In battle he'll sing
For country and king,
And shews the heart of a sailor.

'Tis n't his merriment, kindled ashore,
By the cash much too quickly expended;
'Tis n't his going to sea for more,
When the store in the locker is ended:
'Tis the hour of distress,
When misfortunes oppress,
And Virtue finds Sorrow assail her;
'Tis the bosom of Grief,
Made glad by relief,
That pictures the heart of a sailor.

THE SEA-FIGHT.

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——CARTER.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak;
Let not a word on board be spoke;
Victory soon will crown the joke;
Be silent, and be ready:
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well;
Let us be sure the balls will tell;
The cannon's roar shall sound the knell;
Be steady, boys, be steady.

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Nor yet, nor yet; reserve your fire,
I do desire:—Fire!
Now the elements do rattle;
The gods, amaz'd, behold the battle:
A broadside, my boys!

See the blood, in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side:
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly:
Conquer, boys, or bravely die!
Hurl destruction on your foes:
She sinks—Huzza!
To the bottom down she goes.

REMEMBER ME.

G. WALKER.——WALKER, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

REMEMBER me, when, far away,
I journey thro' the world's wide waste;
Remember me at early day,
Or when the evening shadows haste:
When high the pensive moon appears,
And Night, with all her starry train,
Gives rest to human hopes and fears,
Remember I alone complain.

Remember me whene'er you sigh,
Be it at midnight's silent hour;
Remember me, and think that I
Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r:

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Whene'er you think on those away,
Or when you bend the pious knee,
Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,
O then, dear maid, remember me.

ART THOU AWAKE.

S. WALKER.——WALKER, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

ART thou awake, or art thou sleeping?
Love may attack thee, lady fair:
Where is the heart so safe in keeping
As to elude the secret snare?
Cupid, a wanton, slily enters,
Sometimes the eye, sometimes the ear;
Boldly to gilded domes he ventures,
Wrapt in the garb of bashful fear.
Rise thee, and hear me, lady fair.

Thou dearest maid, be not disdaining;
That pow'r the proudest once must feel:
List to an heart, whose fond complaining
Love's brightest passion would reveal.
Then again close thine eyes in slumbers:
Should love perchance invade thy breast,
Music, attun'd to softest numbers,
Shall soothe thy mind to sweetest rest.
Rise thee, and hear me, lady fair.

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THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

MRS BROOKE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open'd to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

(Arranged to the Air of the Maid of Lodi.)

RANNIE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ANON.

Sung by Mr Braham.

MY heart with love is beating,—
Fond trembler—feel it move;
To thee each vow repeating,
Who taught it first to love.
To thee, my life's best treasure,
I'll breathe them o'er and o'er,

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With ardent love and pleasure,
Till time shall be no more.

My heart with love is beating,
Its fond emotions prove;
To thee its vows repeating,
My life, my soul, my love.
The sun shall lose each motion,
The heav'ns each fix'd decree,
And cease to roll the ocean,
Ere I prove false to thee.

SWEET GIRL, THY CHARMS.

A. H. ESQ.————DALE, LONDON.————HON. M. DE C.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

SWEET girl, thy charms my soul delight;
For thee my bosom sighs;
Each solemn vow to thee I plight;
My heart disdains disguise.
Thy fascinating seraph smiles
Celestial joys inspire;
Thy beauteous form and witching wiles
My breast with passion fire.

Of thee, by night, I restless dream;
To thee, in thought, I rove:
O how my bliss would be supreme,
Could I possess thy love!
Come, then, my charmer, haste to me,
Transfix'd by Cupid's dart;

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In mutual fondness we'll agree,
And never, never part.

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

TELL her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,
Or while there's water in the pathless main;
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er,
And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore.

Tell her I only ask she'll think of me;
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea:
Tell her all this—tell it o'er and o'er;
The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more.

OH! RICHARD, ETC.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————GRETRY.

Sung by Jordan.

OH! Richard, oh! my love!
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot:
I whose bosom, sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive Glory, faithless power!
Thus the valiant you repay;

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In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless Friendship far away.
I alone of all remain
To unbend thy cruel chain.

Oh! Richard, oh! my love!
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, ETC.

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——HOOKE.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

DOWN in the valley, the sun setting clearly,
Lillo lillo lillo lee,
The nightingale carols her sonnet so cheerly,
Lillo lillo lillo lee.

How sweet 'tis to hear the soft song,
As by moonlight we trip o'er the plain,
On Zephyr's light wing borne along,
Whilst Echo repeats the soft strain:
But sweeter the accents of love,
Breath'd forth from the bosom sincere,
Which Virtue herself must approve,
And the virgin with safety may hear.

Down in the valley, &c.

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WHEN THOU ART ABSENT.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

WHEN thou art absent, charming maid,
In vain the sky-larks sing,
Or woodbine weave the vernal shade,
Or Flora paints the spring:
But when you range the daisy'd field,
Or in the garden róve,
Increas'd perfume the blossoms yield,
And seem to court your love.

AS GAILY I TOUCH MY GUITAR.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

SEQUESTER'D from all, to the great world unknown,
From towns and from cities afar,
Tho' retir'd, yet happy—and gay, tho' alone,
I cheerfully tune my guitar.

O'er mountains and woodlands I carol my song,
Nor envy the monarch his car;
While I traverse on foot the wood-walks along,
I gaily attune my guitar.

These mountainous wilds, that so loftily rise,
Far more than the great world they bar;

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How fondly I love, how sincerely I prize,
Ah! tell them, my sprightly guitar.

Contented, tho' lonely, thus daily I roam,
Nor wish for what only would mar
That bliss which I find at my own much-lov'd home,
As gaily I touch my guitar.

AS BURNS THE CHARGER, ETC.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

AS burns the charger when he hears
The trumpet's martial sound,
Eager to scour the field he rears,
And spurns th' indented ground:
He snuffs the air, erects his flowing mane;
He scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
Impatient, thus my ardent soul
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And spurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

O'KEEFE.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————ARNOLD.

Sung by Mr Braham.

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;

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Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his fair behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint ev'ry danger
In a rival left at home.

TO SLEEP'S EMBRACE.

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
In friendly dreams to lovers dear;
For then his form shall charm mine eye,
For then his voice shall charm mine ear.

No longer then shall Fortune's pow'r
Withhold my lover from my sight;
And Fancy, in triumphant hour,
With love shall gild her visions bright.

FRIENDSHIP IS THE BOND, ETC.

R. B. SHERIDAN.——DALE, LONDON.——ANONYMOUS.

Sung by Mr Dignum.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove;
Heav'n dissolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.

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The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view;
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer,—
A breach of social faith to thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her?

DOWN BY YON BANKS.

T. DIBDIN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Madame Storace.

OH, I first saw the youth who to me came a-wooing,
Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow;
'Twas there his soft language, my coyness subduing,
First taught me the sweets of affection to know.

'Twas there he sung gaily, my fancy entrancing,
Till scarce we perceiv'd how the night was advancing;
The moon-beams so gay on the wave tops were dancing,
Ah! down by yon banks where the waves gently flow.

I strove not to listen; but how could I grieve him,
Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow:
He swore he would die, if I did not believe him;
And this is no time to kill sailors, you know.

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At parting, he look'd, and he heav'd such a sigh too,
I really believe I'd a tear in my eye too;
And if he can forget it, I can't say that I do,
Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow.

TOM STARBOARD.

KNIGHT.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hie'd with speed,
True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles poor Tom had got,
When he was press'd;—he heav'd a sigh,
And said, tho' cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.

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The war being ended, Tom return'd;
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak!

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had dy'd.
With grief she daily pin'd away;
No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nanny in the grave!

WHAT, THO' FATE FORBIDS, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

WHAT, tho' Fate forbids me offer
Golden gifts, from Fortune's store;
All I have to Love I proffer;
Fortune cannot offer more.

What, tho' bright the jewel treasure,
Which Peruvian mines supply;
Brighter still are tears of pleasure,
Sparkling in Affection's eye.

Hymen, in his power for ever,
Fain the God of Hearts would hold;
Binding oft, oh! vain endeavour,
Love with interest, chains of gold.

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Soon their weight his strength o'erpowers,
Soon they crush the petty elf;
Love can bear no chains but flowers,
Light and blooming like himself.

THE SAPLING OAK.

COBB.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mr Cook.

THE sapling oak, lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops, hopeless, o'er th' exhausted soil.
At length the woodman clears around,
Where'er the noxious thickets spread;
And, high reviving o'er the ground,
The forest monarch rears its head.

TRUE COURAGE.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin.

WHY what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a-wiping;
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way:
'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping;
But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he, (I shall never forget it)
"If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from
"the sham,

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" 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;
" But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing;
And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive:
But when that he found an old pris'ner he'd wounded,
That once sav'd his life as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tam'd, and, with pity confounded,
He cry'd over him just the same as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all; 'tis the poor wounded stranger,—
And the poorer the more shall I succour distress:
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,—
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more, by compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,—
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on;
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!

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In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE.

SIDDONS.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss Davis.

A BABY wander'd from its home,
When day was gently breaking;
Long did the pretty infant roam,
Each simple wild flower seeking.
But night came on; the dreary sky,
The winds so bleak, the leaves so dry,
Sung the poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The frantic mother sought her child,
While the chill rain was falling,
Its lisping voice, its features mild,
At every blast recalling:
She weep'd, and, with a heartfelt sigh,
Fell on a green turf that was nigh,
Humm'd her poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The baby, near her slumb'ring, woke,
Like some sweet op'ning blossom;
Then thro' the spreading branches broke,
And leap'd upon her bosom.
The mother gave a piercing cry,
Wip'd every rain-drench'd garment dry,
Humm'd her poor baby's hush-a-bye.

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ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

O'KEEFE.——DALE, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Darley.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built its nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsully'd, descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

THE MAID WITH A BOSOM, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

O, BRIGHT as the lily, the maid of the Wold;
Her breast like the lily, as fair and as cold;
With Love's gentle impulse it never did glow;
So they call'd her the Maid with a Bosom of Snow.

Young Edward had courted the maid for his bride;
He knelt at her feet, and, ah! tenderly sigh'd:

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But smiles of contempt on her love she'd bestow;
So he left the proud Maid with a Bosom of Snow.

Alas! cruel maiden, thy charms are no more;
When maids cease to merit, men cease to adore;
The tears of Love's anguish unheeded did flow;
Thou never knew pity—thy bosom was snow:
So I call her the Maid with a Bosom of Snow.

THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS on the spot, in ancient lore oft nam'd,
Where Iris and Osiris once held sway,
O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;
But now for British valour far more fam'd,
Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,
And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie dy'd.

AIR.

Her roseate colours the Dawn had not shed
O'er the field which stern Slaughter had tinted too red,—
'Twas dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abercrombie receiv'd his death-wound:
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

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With a mind unsubdu'd, still the foe he defy'd,
On the steed which the Hero of Acre supply'd;
Till, feeling he soon to Fate's summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield:
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion, with victory crown'd,
Wav'd over his head, as he sank on the ground:
"Take me hence, my brave fellows," the vet'ran did cry;
"My duty's complete, and contented I die."

POOR TOM.

DIBDIN.——————DALE, ETC. LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

THEN, farewell, my trim-built wherry;
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell:
Never more, at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when, homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry poor Tom!

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LIGHT AS THISTLE-DOWN.

MRS BROOKE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

LIGHT as thistle-down moving, which floats in the air,
Sweet Gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear;
Of Autumn's rich store I bring home my part:
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart.

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

GAY.——GOULDING, ETC. LONDON.——LEVERIDGE.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails amongst your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands;
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,

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If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he hear,
He drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my mind shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so;
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, free from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat, unwilling, rows to land:
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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JUST LIKE LOVE.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————DAVY.

Sung by Mr Braham.

JUST like love is yonder rose,—
Heav'nly fragrance round it throws;
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest,
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die, and they shall blossom never;
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love.

OLD TOWLER.

O'KEEFE.——————LONGMAN AND CO. LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn.

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Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng;
Fleet Towler leads the cry:
Arise, the burden of their song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey ho chevy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale:
The upland winds they sweep along,—
O'er fields, through brakes they fly:
The game is rous'd; too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey ho chevy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL, ETC.

BY A LADY.——LONGMAN AND CO. LOND.——HOOKE.

Sung by Master Phelps.

MY friends all declare that my time is mis-spent,
While in rural retirement I rove;
I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has sent,
But the sweet little girl that I love:
The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove,
No lily was ever so white
As the sweet little girl that I love.

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Tho' humble my cot, calm Content gilds the scene;
For my fair-one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centres in Fanny alone—
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

PEARCE.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,—
An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark—seven!"

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And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less—five!"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
We shorten sail—she feels the tide;
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry;
The anchor's gone—we safely ride.
The watch is set; and, through the night,
We hear the seaman, with delight,
Proclaim, "All's well!"

AH! COULD MY FAULT'RING, ETC.

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mrs H. Johnstone.

AH! could my fault'ring tongue impart
The tale of woe that rends my heart,
Ah! then in vain I should not crave
Your pity for a wretched slave!

The injur'd ne'er in vain address'd,
In plaints of woe, a Briton's breast;
Compassion ever marks the brave;
Oh! pity, then, your wretched slave!

Ah! could my fault'ring tongue, &c.

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THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE.

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————REEVE.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

A BLESSING unknown to Ambition and Pride,
That Fortune can never abate,
To Wealth and to Splendour tho' often deny'd,
Yet on Poverty deigns to await.
That blessing, ye powers, oh! be it my lot!
The choicest, best gift from above,
Deep fixt in my heart, shall be never forgot,
The wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,
By Poverty never distress'd;
Exulting, I felt what a treasure was mine—
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, ye powers, still be it my lot!
The choicest, best gift from above,
Still fixt in my heart, shall be never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.

SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

'TWAS post meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted;

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At sev'n, while taught'ning the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under way,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight-bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary:
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night
When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:
Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four;
At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean:
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
For me, it may be only fancy,—
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,

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When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle;
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning, rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

KATE'S VALENTINE.

T. DIBDIN.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Madame Storace.

WHEN I danc'd on the turf with the youthful and gay,
New sweethearts a-courting would come every day;
They begg'd for my heart, but I begg'd to decline,—
Till one morning I met with my Valentine.

He bow'd so genteely, his air was so spruce,
To resist his politeness I found of no use;
So I vow'd to be his, while he swore to be mine,—
And I e'en ran away with my dear Valentine.

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WHEN PENSIVE, ETC.

COLEMAN.——CORRI, LONDON.——KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Crouch.

WHEN pensive I thought of my love,
The moon on the mountains was bright,
And Philomel, down in the grove,
Broke sweetly the silence of night.
O I wish'd that the tear-drop would flow,
But felt too much anguish to weep;
Till, warm'd with the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more!
Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part;
The steel of my rival was true;
The assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.

JULIA TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

ANONYMOUS.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SPOFFORTH.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

STAY, sweet enchanter of the grove;
Leave not so soon thy native tree;
O warble still those notes of love,
While my fond heart responds to thee.

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Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly Autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as Spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new-drest plain,
Return, and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with those notes again.

AH! GIVE ME HOPE.

MISS BAILLIE.——NOT YET PUBLISHED.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

AH! Celia, beauteous, heavenly maid,
In pity to thy shepherd's heart,
Thus to thy fatal charms betray'd,
The gentle balm of hope impart.
Ah! give me hope, in accents sweet,
Sweet as thy lute's melodious strain;
I'll lay my laurels at thy feet,
And bless the hour that gave me pain.

Ah! doom me not to swift decay,
Nor, cruel, scorn my bosom's smart;
Haste to smile my griefs away,
Oh haste, the balm of hope impart.
Ah! give me hope, &c.

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THE HAUNT OF FAIRIES.

BARBAULD.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

THIS is sure the haunt of fairies;
In yon cool alcove they play:
Care can never cross the threshold;
Care was only made for day.
Choral songs, and sprightly voices,
Echo from her cell shall call;
Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur
Of the distant water-fall.
This is sure, &c.

Ev'ry ruder gust of passion,
Lull'd with music, dies away;
Till, within the charmed bosom,
None but soft affections play:
Soft as when the evening breezes
Gently stir the poplar grove,
Brighter than the smile of Summer,
Sweeter than the breath of Love.
This is sure, &c.

THE WREATH.——A GLEE.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

YE shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way,

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In shape and feature beauty's queen,
In pastoral array.
Shepherds, tell, &c.

A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily, rose;
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.
Shepherds, tell, &c.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head
Forms her description true,—
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.
Shepherds, tell, &c.

MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND.

T. DIBDIN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

SINCE the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
And taught me how favor'd by fortune my lot,
To share that good fortune I still was inclin'd,
And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.
'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says—
May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.

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The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow'd, tho' of evil the least,
The smile of a friend may invite to content;
And we all know content is an excellent feast.
'Tis a maxim entitled, &c.

OH HAD I JUBAL'S LYRE.

ANON.——GOULDING, ETC. LONDON.——HANDEL.

Sung by Mrs Dickons, late Miss Poole.

OH had I Jubal's lyre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice,
To sounds like his I would aspire,
In songs like hers rejoice:
My humble strains but faintly shew
How much to Heav'n and thee I owe.

THE WOLF.

O'KEEFE.——GOULDING, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr C. Bannister.

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every pow'r
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep;
While the wolf, in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl.
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance;
Females shriek, but no assistance.

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Silence, or you meet your fate!
Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate!
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder;
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder!

FAIR ROSALE.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————DIGNUM.

Sung by Mr Dignum.

ON that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,
Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade!
'Oh! may some kind, some gentle wave
"Waft him to this mournful shore,
"These tender arms should make his grave,
"And deck his corpse with flowers o'er!

'I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
"And pray for his eternal rest;
"When Time his form had worn away,
"His dust I'd place within my breast!"
While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
And Echo to her grief reply'd,
Lo! at her feet his corpse was tost!
She shriek'd,—she clasp'd him, sigh'd, and dy'd!

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TIME HAS NOT THINN'D, ETC.

JACKSON.——PRESTON, LONDON.——JACKSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.
Let me enjoy the chearful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love till I grow old.

MY MOTHER.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my waking eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle-bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

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When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who dress'd my doll in cloaths so gay,
And told me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?
My mother.

O no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

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And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

CRAZY JANE!

M. G. LEWIS.——LAVENU, LONDON.——MISS ABRAMS.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature
Are such marks of fear imprest?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature
With such terror strike thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane!

Do you weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false!—I found them so.
For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
None will ever love again;
But the man I priz'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane!

Gladly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which has never lov'd but one:
He seem'd true, and I believ'd him;
He was false! and I undone!

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Since that time has Reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled!—with him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane!

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near that spot where last we parted,
Near that spot where last we met,
Thus I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Whilst I sadly pace the plain;
And each passer-by, in pity,
Cries—"God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

MY LODGING, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, LONDON.——HARRISON.

Sung by Mrs Ashe.

[There are new Accompaniments, and an appropriate Minor, composed by Mr ASHE.]

MY lodging is on the cold ground, love,
And very hard is my fare;
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear.
Oh then he cry'd, Turn, love,
I pray thee, love, turn to me;
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is ador'd by me.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,

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Oh I must endure the smart, love,
And tumble in straw all alone.
Yet still he cry'd, &c.

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring;
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
So merrily I will sing.
Oh then he cry'd, &c.

THE WELCH HARPER.

KNOWLES.——GOULDING, LONDON.——T. SMITH.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

OVER the sunny hills I stray,
Tuning many a rustic lay;
And sometimes, in the shadowy vales,
I sing of love and battle tales.
Merry, thus I spend my life:
Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife.
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes, before a castle gate,
In song a battle I relate,—
Or how a lord, in shepherd's guise,
Sought favour in a virgin's eyes.
With rich or poor a welcome guest;
No cares intrude upon my breast.
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

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When Sol illumes the western sky,
And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
Oft-times on village green I play,
While round me dance the rustics gay;
And oft, when veil'd by sable night,
The wandering shepherds I delight.
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

NOW, AT MOON-LIGHT'S, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

NOW, at moon-light's fairy hour,
When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
And vale and mountain, lake and bow'r,
In solitary grandeur sleep;
When slowly sinks the ev'ning breeze,
That lulls the mind in pensive care,
And Fancy's loftier vision sees—
Bid Music wake the silent air;
Bid the merry tabor sound,
And, with the fays of lawn or glade,
In tripping circlets beat the ground,
Under the high trees' trembling shade.
Now, at moon-light's fairy hour,
Shall Music breathe her dulcet voice,
And o'er the waves, with magic pow'r,
Call on Echo to rejoice.

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TSADI THE MOOR.

SIDDONS.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MURRAY.

Sung by Mrs Bramwell.

THE trees seem to fade as yon dear spot I'm viewing;
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door,
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin—
The cottage of Peace and Tsadi the Moor!
Poor Tsadi was merciful, honest, and cheerly;
His friends were his life-blood—he valued them dearly,—
And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her sincerely.
Hard was the fate of Tsadi the Moor!

As Tsadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were prattling and smiling before;
When the pirates appear; from his true-love they tear him:
In vain the complaint of poor Tsadi the Moor!
The forlorn-one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking;
His children and friends at a distance were shrieking;
Poor Tsadi cry'd out, while his sad heart was breaking,
"Pity the fate of Tsadi the Moor!"

In spite of his plaint, to the galley they bore him,
His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
And merciless beat poor Tsadi the Moor!

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At night, up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thoughts of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding!
The sea was the grave of Tsadi the Moor!

HERE, IN COOL GROT, ETC.

SHENSTONE.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell,
Though rarely seen by mortal eye;
When the pale Moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon trees her quiv'ring beams,
We frisk it near these chrystal streams:
Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave.
The turf, with daisies 'broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor.
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the waters fall.
Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life:
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

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FAR, FAR FROM ME, ETC.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MOZART.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

FAR, far from me my love is fled;
In a light ship he tempts the sea;
The young Desires his sails have spread,
And Hope his pilot deigns to be.
The promis'd land of varied Joy,
Which so delights his fickle mind,
In waking dreams his days employ;
While I, poor I, sing to the wind.

But young Desires grow old and die,
And Hope no more the helm may steer;
Beneath a dark and stormy sky,
Shall fall the late repentant tear:
While I, within my peaceful grot,
May hear the distant tempest roar,
Contented with my humble lot,
In safety on the friendly shore.

YES, YES, BE MERCILESS.

SHERIDAN.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.

YES, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire!
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave;
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

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O'er his pale corpse, then, while thy lightnings glare,
I'll kiss his clay-cold lips, and perish there!
But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never;
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever!

On yon green bed of moss, there lies my child,
O safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;
He sleeps, sweet babe, nor heeds the tempest wild,
O sweeter sleeps than near this breaking heart!
Alas! alas! my babe, if thou wou'dst peaceful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast!
But thou wilt wake again, &c.

THE HEIRESS STOLE AWAY.

ANON.——LONGMAN, LONDON.——CARTER.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

WHO hunt after fortune, attend,—
And ye who make beauty your game,
To me your attention pray lend:—
I'm an heiress of fortune and fame.
An heiress, hark forward, the cry;
Pursu'd by the young and the old;
O'er hedges and ditches they fly,
To come within view of my gold:
While I, like the poor timid hare,
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,

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Start, double, and run without care.
Stole away, they all cry, stole away!

An Irish young hunter gave chase:
Oh dear, but he'd make me his wife;
Or it wou'd be, when dead, my sad case.
To lead little apes all my life.
An heiress, hark forward, his cry;
No danger his love should dismay;
After breaking his neck, he would try
To hunt me to death his own way.
While I, &c.

But I've a young man in my eye;
Not you, sir,—no, no, sir, nor you;
On him I can safely rely;
He keeps me at all times in view.
An heiress, hark forward, the cry;
Yet that had not power to charm;
'Twas love, I'll not strive to deny,—
A love that was gen'rous and warm.
I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
Start, double, and run without fear.
Stole away, they all cry, stole away!

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IN DEATH'S TERRIFIC, ICY ARMS.

C. J. FOX.——————WEBBE, JUN.——————WEBBE, JUN.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

IN Death's terrific, icy arms,
The brave, illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from cares and war's alarms,
Sees not our tears, nor hears our sighs!

Cold is the heart where Valour reign'd,
Mute is the tongue that Joy inspir'd,
Still is the arm that Conquest gain'd,
And dim the eye that Glory fir'd!

Too mean for him a world like this;
He's landed on that happy shore,
Where all the brave partake of bliss,
And heroes meet to part no more!

IN THE RUDE HAUNTS, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

IN the rude haunts of Poverty, where I was bred,
Contented I sung, though my portion was scant;
And at night, when dry straw only pillow'd my head,
I was grateful to Heaven, that kept me from want.
Then I cry'd my sweet cowslips, come buy.

The squire of the village soon came to our cot,
And tempted poor Lilla to quit it by stealth,

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To forsake her low calling, and better her lot,
By sharing with him in affection and wealth.
No more to cry cowslips, &c.

But I laugh'd at his offers, rejected his prayer,
Though lovely the youth was, and graceful his mien;
For I told him, the parents who rear'd me with care,
Should never to blush for their Lilla be seen.
But I'd still cry my cowslips, &c.

STEADY SHE GOES.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

THE British tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep:
He, tho' the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
When the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all well.

While on the main-top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks—but she no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true.
Then sighs he for his native dell;
Yet to hope he clings,
While the steersman, &c.

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The storm is pass'd—the battle's o'er;
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then homeward bound, on England's shore,
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease:
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretel,
And his big heart springs,
While the steersman, &c.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.—DUETT.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MOZART.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

AWAY with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing
Fal la.

Come on, ye rosy hours,—
Gay, smiling moments bring;
We'll strew the way with flowers,
And merrily, merrily sing
Fal la.

For what's the use of sighing,
When Time is on the wing?
Can we prevent his flying?
Then merrily, merrily sing
Fal la.

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ONLY WHILE WE LOVE WE LIVE.

WRIGHT.——NOT YET PUBLISHED.——WRIGHT.

Sung by Mrs Bramwell.

SINCE only while we love we live,
Still, Love, to me thy blessings give:
Friendship's a passion cold and tame;
But, oh! how glows the lover's flame!
Let sighs of transport, tears of joy,
My ev'ry hour of life employ:
Still, Love, to me thy blessings give.
For only while we love we live.

My heart with thy sweet ardours fill,
And Age shall ne'er its current chill;
But Youth my all of life shall crown,
And Time shall fly on wings of down:
Thyself with my existence twine,
And let me know no cares but thine!
Still, Love, to me thy blessings give,
For only while we love we live.

BONIE LESLEY.

BURNS.——WRIGHT, NEWCASTLE.——WRIGHT.

Sung by Mrs Bramwell.

O SAW ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

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To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—
Thy subjects we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley—
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The deil he cou'd nae scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say I canna wrang thee.

The pow'rs aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie,
That we may brag we had a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie.

FAIRY REVELS.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MOZART.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

HARK! the raven flaps his wing,—
The owlet leaves her braken bow'r;
Now we dance in airy ring,
On mossy bank, at evening hour,—

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Lightly beat the dewy ground,
With our tiny feet around.

Vapours dank, nor sprites impure,
Our fairy revels dare invade;
In the hawthorn brake secure,
The glow-worm lights us thro' the shade:
Then we'll quaff the early dew,
Till the morn appears in view.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHTS.—GLEE.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————CALCOTT.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

BLOW, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high;
For the Christians have fought in the Holy Land,
And have won the victory!
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav'd on high!
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily!
The warder look'd from the tow'r on high,
And as far as he could see:
"I see a bold knight, and, by his red cross,
"He comes from the east country!"
Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse,
"I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
"He beareth a flaming cross!"

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Then down the lord of the castle came,
The red-cross knight to meet;
And when the red-cross knight he espy'd,
Right loving he did him greet:
" Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight,
" For thy fame's well known to me;
" And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
" rung,
" And we'll feast right merrily!"
' Oh! I am come from the Holy Land,
' Where saints did live and die!
' Behold the device I bear on my shield:
' The red-cross knight am I!
' And we have fought in the Holy Land,
' And we've won the victory;
' For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
' And made the proud Pagans fly!'
" Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight;
" Come, lay thy armour by;
" And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
" We'll feast us merrily!"

THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

PEARCE.——GOULDING, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

YOU all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell.
A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound
Thro' a country well known to him, fifty miles round.

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No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack, "Hark! to Rockwood, hark! hark!
"High!—wind him! and cross him!
"Now, Rattler, boy!—hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green dress'd,
Supported poor Tom to "an earth" made for rest;
His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound;
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
Nor the Wrekin resound his first burst in the chase!
With "High over!—now press him!
"Tally ho!—tally ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath:
"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
"One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave:
"Give a rattling view halloo thrice over my grave;
"And, unless at that warning I lift up my head,
"My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
"Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
"For ev'ry voice join'd in the tally ho! cry.
"Tally ho!—hark forward!
"Tally ho!—tally ho!"

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DOWN BY THE RIVER, ETC.

COLEMAN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing, oh! for my true love, my true love, oh!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true love, my true love, oh!
When chill blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating,
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting;
Sing all for my true love, my true love oh!

Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
Sing, oh! for my true love, my true love, oh!
When dead on the bank I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true love, my true love, oh!
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing;
'Tis all for my true love, my true love, oh!

MY TEMPLES WITH CLUSTERS, ETC.

WOTY.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————ANON.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

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Yet why thus resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair:
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens, well pleas'd, from her shed;
While Age, in an ecstacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with the crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board:
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

SPANISH GUITTAR.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————ARNOLD.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

A LADY, in fair Seville city,
Who once fell in love very deep,
On her Spanish guittar play'd a ditty,
And lull'd her old guardian to sleep.
With a hoo, lira, lira!

Her guardian, not given to dozing,
Was thought the most watchful of men;

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But each verse had so sleepy a closing,
That he nodded, but soon woke again.
With a hoo, lira, lira!

She touch'd the guittar somewhat slower—
Again he look'd drowsy and wise;
And then she play'd softer and lower,
Till gently she seal'd up his eyes.
With a hoo, lira, lira!

SALLY ROY.

RANNIE.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;
She lost her lover, and she dy'd;
Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally!
Young Valiant was the hero's name,
For early valour fir'd the boy,—
Who barter'd all his love for fame,
And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy!

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
He rush'd, his martial pow'r to prove;
While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally!
At noon she saw the youth depart;
At eve she lost her darling joy;
Ere night the last throb of her heart
Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy!

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The virgin train in tears are seen,
When yellow moonlight fills the valley,
Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
Towards the grave of gentle Sally!
And while remembrance wakes the sigh
Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
The mournful dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy!

THE SIEGE.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

AFTER a long and heavy fire,
The fierce besiegers seem'd to tire;
The citizens, with toil oppress'd,
Embrac'd the calm, and sunk to rest;
Upon his arms the weary soldier slept,
And midnight gently on our slumbers crept.

Soon the alarum-bell
Sent thro' the air its waning sound,
Above blaz'd many a dreadful shell,
The angry batteries roar'd around,
The mines were sprung with horrid din,
And like a flood the foe rush'd in.

The clash of weapons now was heard,
And now the prayer for life preferr'd:
In this spot heaps of wounded bled,—
There shrieking women, children fled.

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The mingled strife of sword and fire appals,
The flaming timbers crack, the building falls.

HAIL TO THE BEAM OF MORNING!

T. DIBDIN.——GOULDING, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

LONG time a blooming lass I courted,
A lovely girl, with manners simple;
Upon her cheek the Graces sported,
And Cupid lurk'd in ev'ry dimple.
Each morning, at the crimson flushes
Which spread above the misty mountain,
She rose, with modest healthy blushes,
To fill the pitcher at the fountain:
And as the sky-lark spreads his wing,
Thus would my lovely Ellen sing—
Hail, hail to the beam of morning!

Pride, for a while my passion quelling,
Forbad my soul its vows to render;
But soon her eye, my pride expelling,
Gave birth to every impulse tender.
Now with my girl, and friends surrounding,
My lisping offspring round me clinging;
Whilst Hope, in promis'd joys abounding,
Inspires the artless strain we're singing:
And when the sky-lark spreads his wing,
We make each neighbouring valley ring—
Hail, hail to the beam of morning!

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HOPE IS NOW NO MORE!

T. DIBDIN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

HOW blest was I when late you smil'd
On her whom I adore,—
Delusive Hope the hours beguil'd;
But Hope is now no more!

Thus on a last remaining stay
The shipwreck'd wretch relies;
The surges dash his bark away;
He struggles, sinks, and dies!

THE CONFLICT OF LOVE AND DUTY.

CHERRY.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

MY country's voice, dear Emma, calls;
It wounds my heart that we must sever;
Though danger now my heart appals,
Thy sailor's thine, sweet maid, for ever.
Thy sailor's thine, sweet maid, for ever;
Oh yes, we must sever, but not for ever,
Ah! no.
With pain I tell thee
That fame compels me
Love's rosy transports to forego.

O do not weep, nor heave, nor sigh—
Of tears fair Emma must avail her;

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Though William kiss'd the tear-drown'd eye,
Yet Emma sighs still for her sailor.
Thy sailor's thine, &c.

BY MY MOTHER 'TWAS SAID.

T. DIBDIN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Madame Storace.

BY my mother 'twas said, and by me 'twas believ'd,
(For she was a clever old body)
Who in love trusts a man who a friend has deceiv'd,
Will prove but a simple noddy:
Tho' his eyes may be black, tho' his cheeks may be red,
His skin fair, or brown as a berry,
Look for truth in the heart, and good sense in the head,—
Or, when married, you'll never be merry.

Who chuses for show, chuse as well as she can,
Will be guided alone by her folly,
And find, to her cost, she's mistaken her man,
And wedded alone melancholy;
For let him be tall, short, or sallow, or red,
Fair as snow-drops, or brown as a berry,
'Twill prove to be true, as my poor mother said,
That they're good folks alone who are merry.

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FORGET ME NOT!

MRS OPIE.————NOT YET PUBLISHED.————MURRAY.

Sung by Miss Correy.

GO, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys, to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if pain, should be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!

OVER THE MOUNTAINS, ETC.

ANON.————WALKER, LONDON.————PIERCY.

Sung by Miss Correy.

OVER the mountains and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn:
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never return.

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Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity;
Cold blows the wind, and the night coming on;
Give me some food for my mother, for charity,—
Give me some food, and then I will be gone!

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough;
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew:
I've two little brothers at home; when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

O think, while you revel so careless and free,
Secure from the wind, and well cloathed and fed,
Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread!
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

WHENE'ER SHE BADE ME, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.—LONGMAN AND BRODERIP.——ATTWOOD.

Sung by Mr Dignum.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast would gently heave,
And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart
Ill practis'd to deceive:
As swelling waves, that seem inclin'd
To greet the shores they leave behind.

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I KNOW YOU FALSE.

ANONYMOUS.——NOT YET PUBLISHED.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

I KNOW you false, I know you vain,
Yet still I cannot break my chain:
Tho' with those lips so sweetly smiling,
Those eyes so bright and so beguiling,
On every youth by turns you smile,
And every youth by turns beguile;
Yet still enchant, and still deceive me,—
Do all things, fatal fair, but LEAVE ME!

Still let me, in those speaking eyes,
Trace all your feelings as they rise;
Still from those lips, like rose-buds swelling,
That seem of soft delight the dwelling,
Catch tones of sweetness, which the soul,
In fetters ever new, controul;
Nor let my starts of anguish grieve thee,
Tho' death to stay, 'twere DEATH TO LEAVE THEE!

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

COBB.——DALE, LONDON.——STORACE.

Sung by Mr Kelly.

THE rose and the lily, their beauties combining,
Delight in adorning a form so divine;
Such charms to a peasant consigning,
Ah! must I resign.

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Forbid it, ye powers; to love 'tis a treason;
Ambition, assuming the semblance of reason,
Commands me with scorn the mean thought to decline.
Wealth and power, what are ye worth,
To pleasure if ye give not birth;
Rich in Ambition's gilded toys;
I barter them for real joys.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

BURNS.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,—
Wearying Heaven, in warm devotion,
For his weal, where'er he be;
Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits, round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear:
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
Downy Sleep, the curtains draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa.

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WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE, ETC.

BURGOIGNE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——JACKSON.

Sung by Mr Bannister.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few;
My all of life was love.
By mutual toil our board was dress'd;
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd;
No other guest came nigh:
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is LOVE.

OF PLIGHTED FAITH.—DUETT.

COBB.——DALE, LONDON.——STORACE.

Sung by Mrs Crouch and Mr Kelly.

OF plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all love dictates tell,
Of restless thought that never slept
Since when she bade farewell;

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The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear;
So may the sympathetic soul
Direct kind Fancy's wing
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's rewards shall bring.

TO DELIA.

J. SHIELD.——————NOT PUBLISHED.——————THOMPSON.

Sung in Private Circles.

FORLORN, the poor exile pursues his sad way,
Tho' Summer around him may smile;
His bosom to hopeless dejection a prey;
Ah! what can of sorrow beguile.
Rich prospects may open—they charm not his eye;
Unheeded the torrent may foam:
Each step—he reflects, and it costs him a sigh—
Bears him farther and farther from home.

But see him his footsteps begin to retrace;
Then, heedless of Winter's harsh sway,
No longer dejected, Joy beams on his face,—
For all in his bosom is May.
The landscape, tho' dreary, now yields him delight,
And still doth more pleasing become;
More balmy the air, the horizon more bright,
As the distance decreases from home.

'Tis thus, O my Delia! from thee when I part,
All cheerless and pensive I stray;

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No objects can pleasure convey to my heart;
For who can in exile be gay?
My breast is the seat of a thousand alarms;
Care saddens each scene as I roam:
But sweet is the change, when I fly to thy arms;
For then my fond heart is at home.

THE TWINS OF LATONA.

O'KEEFE.——————DALE, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Johnstone.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise, to partake of the chase;
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles on her face.
For the sport we delight in, the bright Queen of Love
With myrtles my brow shall adorn;
While Pan breaks his chanter, and skulks in the grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry;
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply.
Hark forward, hark forward—the game is in view;
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out;
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies till, entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear;

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With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are, &c.

NO FLOW'R THAT BLOWS.

GARRICK.——————DALE, LONDON.——————LINLEY.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

NO flow'r that blows
Is like this rose,
Or scatters such perfume;
Upon my breast,
Ah! gently rest,
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge, to prove
A parent's love,
A pleasing gift thou art;
Come, sweetest flow'r,
And, from this hour,
Live henceforth in my heart.

POOR TOM THE BLIND BOY.

J. SHIELD.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

IN darkness I wander, led on by poor Tray;
Ah! darkness, whose horrors shall ne'er pass away!

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The morning, diffusive of rapture and glee,
Returns,—but its radiance ne'er breaks upon me;
To me it restores no transition of joy,
Nor ends the long night of poor Tom the blind boy!

My companions rejoice in the sun's cheering light,
Or rapt'rously hail the mild glories of night;
But vainly to me shines the bright orb of day,
And the moon and the stars their effulgence display;
For a sight of their splendours I ne'er shall enjoy;
All is dark empty space to poor Tom the blind boy!

'Tis summer, they tell me—all nature looks gay;
Vales, woodlands, and mountains, alas! what are they?
Hoarse murmurs discover where rushes the flood,
And melody points out the grove and the wood;
But a sight of their beauties I ne'er shall enjoy;
All is dark empty space to poor Tom the blind boy!

They talk of bright flow'rs which bespangle the ground,—
Of birds of gay plume that flit, sportive, around;
Ah! the woodbine's sweet fragrance, the lark's cheerful song,
Oft my sadness beguile, as I wander along;
But a sight of their beauties I ne'er shall enjoy;
All is dark empty space to poor Tom the blind boy!

O pity my dreary, my comfortless state;
O pity the want which embitters my fate!
Alas! the privations, Heav'n gives me to prove,
Your kindness may soften, tho' never remove:

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Relieve these, and bright be the hours ye enjoy!
The child of Misfortune,—poor Tom the blind boy!

IN THE ROUGH BLAST, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.

IN the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

After fretted, pouting Sorrow,
Sweeter is the smile to-morrow;
Passing still each changeful thing
Fairest is upon the wing.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale and satire witty,
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay:
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

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WITH WOMEN AND WINE, ETC.

WOTY.——BRODERIP AND CO. LONDON.——BAILDON.

Sung at the Convivial Meetings.

WITH women and wine, I defy every care;
For life, without these, is a bubble of air:
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul.

Let grave, sober mortals my maxims condemn:
I never shall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my measures decline:
Let them have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve;
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer! thou nymph half divine!
First pledge me with kisses,—next pledge me with wine;
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit, to be bless'd with thy love;
For, rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

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AH! TELL ME NO MORE, ETC.

DR WALCOTT.——GOULDING, LONDON.——WRIGHT.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart,
That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say, with a tear,
"That no longer I think of those charms
"Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
"And faded at length in my arms?"

Why, yes! it may happen, thou damsel divine!
To be honest—I freely declare,
That e'en now, to thy converse so much I incline,
I already forget thou art fair.

HOW HAPPY WAS MY MORN, ETC.

DR WALCOTT.——GOULDING, LONDON.——WRIGHT.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

HOW happy was my morn of love,
When first thy beauty won my heart!

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How guiltless of a wish to rove!
I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
And show'r'd delight on every scene!

But Fortune, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms,
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never Laura's lot!
Let Love protect thy heart from woe;
His wound to mine shall be forgot.

'TIS LOVE THAT MURMURS, ETC.

T. MOORE, ESQ.——PRESTON, LONDON.——F. K. JONES.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

'TIS Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

Oh bird of love, with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again.

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THE VIOLET OF THE VALE.

J. RANNIE ——— PRESTON, LONDON. ——— J. F. BURROWS.

Sung by Miss Tennant.

THE modest violet of the vale
Gives fragrance to the vernal gale,
And blooms, the beauty of the dale,
Each lovely scene adorning:
As sweet a flow'r as Flora rears,
The vi'let of the vale appears,—
And while it greets the sun in tears,
It beautifies the morning.

But, ah! its tender stalk is frail,
And trembles with the slightest gale:
Should tempests, pitiless, assail
The flower, its beauty scorning,
The humble violet would be found
No longer shedding glories round,
But night see levell'd with the ground
The flow'r that grac'd the morning.

VICTORY AND DEATH OF NELSON.

CUMBERLAND. ——— COBRI, LONDON. ——— BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

IN Death's dark house the hero lies;
Cold his heart, and clos'd his eyes:
His flag, that to the foe ne'er bow'd,
His signal once, but now his shroud.

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The partner of his former wars
Views his body, drench'd with scars;
He gave the wreck—he could no more;
All but his life was lost before.

Death, the great conqueror, could not win the whole:
Earth keeps his ashes, and Heav'n receives his soul!

YO HEAVE HO.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

MY name d'ye see's Tom Tough; I've seed a little service,
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow;
I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jervis,
And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave ho.
Yet more ye shall be knowing,—
I was coxon to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the foe:
Then put round the grog,—
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing yo heave yo.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beech below,

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I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho;
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spight of tears and sighs, sung out yo heave yo.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho;
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly face the foe:
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,—
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with yo heave ho.

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So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs;
My boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe;
Then to country and king
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out yo heave ho.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

DALTON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————ANON.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

BY the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow flask are told
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care,—'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel the approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass;
Let no precious moment slip;
Flout the moralizing ass;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

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O EVER SKILL'D, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Liverpool Concerts.

O EVER skill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the shades of Fear and Grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasure yet shall bloom;
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray;
Oh! strew no more, sweet flatt'rer, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

TO ALL YOU LADIES, ETC.

DORSET.——PRESTON, LONDON.——CALCOTT.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write.
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fal la la, &c.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,

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When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness.
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa la la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears.
Let's hear of no inconstancy;
We have enough of that at sea.
With a fa la la, &c.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

BURNS.——NOT YET PUBLISHED.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Maria's dwelling!
Ah, cruel mem'ry, spare the throes
Within my bosom swelling!
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And still in secret languish;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hopeless lover.

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I know my doom must be despair;
Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh! Maria, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
The unwary sailor, thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors, yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

THE POOR HINDOO.

MRS OPIE.——BIRCHALL, LONDON.——BIGGS.

Sung by Mrs Ashe.

'TIS thy will, and I must leave thee;
O then, best belov'd, farewell;
I forbear, lest I should grieve thee,
Half my heart-felt pangs to tell.
Soon a British fair will charm thee;
Thou, alas! her smiles must woo;
But, though she to rapture warm thee,
Don't forget thy poor Hindoo.

Well I know this happy beauty
Soon thy envied bride will shine;
But will she, by anxious duty,
Prove a passion warm as mine?

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Yet why doubt her care to please thee?
Thou must every heart subdue:
I am sure each nymph that sees thee,
Loves thee like thy poor Hindoo.

No—ah, no! though from thee parted,
Other nymphs would peace obtain;
But thy Zayda, broken-hearted,
Ne'er, O ne'er will smile again.
O how fast from thee they bear me!
Faster still shall Death pursue;
But 'tis well—Death will endear me,
And thou'lt mourn thy poor Hindoo.

O PITY, IF THY HOLY TEAR.

MRS ROBINSON.——NOT PUBLISHED.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

O PITY, if thy holy tear,
Immortal, decks the wing of Time,
'Tis when the soldier's honour'd bier
Demands the glittering drop sublime!
For who, from busy life remov'd,
Such glorious, dang'rous toil has prov'd,
As he who, on the embattled plain,
Lies, nobly slain!

He who forsakes his native shore
To meet the whizzing ball of Death!
Who, 'mid the battle's fateful roar,
Resigns his ling'ring, parting breath!

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Who, when the deafening din is done,
So well deserves, as Valour's son,
The proud, the lasting wreath of Fame,
To grace his name?

Hard is his fate, the sultry day,
To wander o'er the burning plain;
All night to waste the hours away,
'Mid howling winds and beating rain;
To talk (O! vision sadly sweet)
With her his eyes will never meet,
And find, at morn's returning gleam,
'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow severe,—
To hear th' imperious, stern command,—
To heave the sigh,—to drop the tear,
While Mem'ry paints his native land!
To know the laurel he has won
Twines round the brow of Fortune's son,—
While he, when strength and youth are flown,
Shall die unknown!

MAD TOM.

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——PURCELL.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyss of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain!

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Fears and cares oppress my soul!
Hark, how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor Tom of Bedlam mad!
Through the world I wander night and day, to find my straggling senses!
In an angry mood I met old Time, with his pentateuch of tenses.
When me he spies,
Away he flies,
For Time will stay for no man;
In vain with cries
I rend the skies,
For pity is not common!
Cold and comfortless I be:
Help, help, O help, or else I die!
Hark! I hear Apollo's team;
The carman 'gins to whistle,
Chaste Diana bends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle.
Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again!
In my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
I range around the world:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, mad Tom, drive all before me!
While to my royal throne I come,
Bow down my slaves, and adore me,
Your sovereign lord, mad Tom!
And though I give law
From beds of straw,

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And drest in a tatter'd robe,
The madman can be
More a monarch than he
That commands the vassal globe!

FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.—GLEE.

PIERCY.——————CALCOTT, LONDON.——————CALCOTT.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

IT was a friar of orders grey,
Went forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
"Now Heav'n thee save, thou holy friar,
"I pray thee tell to me,
"If ever at your holy shrine
"My true-love thou didst see."
'And how shall I your true-love know
'From many another one?'
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
"And by his sandal shoone."
'O lady, he's dead and gone!
'Lady, he's dead and gone!
'And at his head a green grass turf,
'And at his heels a stone.
'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
'Thy sorrow is in vain;
'For vi'lets pluckt, the sweetest show'rs
'Will ne'er make grow again.
'Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
'Beneath yon cloyster's wall;

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'See thro' the hawthorn the cold wind,
'And drizzly rain doth fall.'
"O stay me not, thou holy friar,
"O stay me not, I pray;
"No drizzly rain that falls on me
"Can wash my fault away."

TO ANACREON IN HEAV'N.

ANON.——DALE, ETC. LONDON.——ANON.

Sung by Mr Dignum, &c.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:—
"Voice, fiddle, and flute,
"No longer be mute;
"I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;
"And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew;
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs:
"If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
"The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
"Hark! already they cry,
"(In transports of joy)
"Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
"And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

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" The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
" And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Will soon do its errand;
" And, d—me, I'll swing the ringleaders, I war-
" rant;
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
" Your thunder is useless!" Then shewing his lau-
rel,
Cried, " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
" Then over each head
" My laurel I'll spread,
" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
" dread,
" Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially
" 'twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
" The full tide of harmony still shall be his;
" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
" be mine.
" Then, Jove, be not jealous
" Of these honest fellows."
Cried Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now
" tell us;

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" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;
Preserve unanimity, friendship and love:
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, ETC. LONDON.——HARRINGTON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with sweet hound and horn,
To waken shrill Echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view!
She's lost!—fair Daphne is lost to my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity, o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies!
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies!
That dies!—tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies!

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THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————CARTER.

Sung by Mr Dignum.

WHEN Britain, on her sea-girt shore,
Her white-rob'd Druids first address'd,—
What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore,
What bless'd defence—by numbers press'd?
Hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracle reply'd,
And view'd thy isle with envious eyes!
Their threats defy, their rage deride;
Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls;
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks, descending to the main,
With floating forts, shall stem the tide,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring navy rides:
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where Commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall lead mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread, then, thy sails, where naval glory calls;
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! what, though thy vales
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field,
Yet Liberty rewards the toil
Of Industry, to labour prone,

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Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest he hath sown;
While other realms tyrannic sway enthrals;
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thus spoke the bearded sire of old,
In vision wrapp'd, of Britain's fame,
Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,
Or Gallia trembled at her name;
Ere yet Columbus dar'd t' explore
New regions, rising from the main.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Hear, then, ye winds, in solemn strain:
This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals—
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

BY A MURMURING BROOK.

ANONYMOUS.———HIME, LIVERPOOL.———STEVENSON.

Sung by Mr Braham.

BY a murmuring brook, in a valley's deep shade,
Where the wood-dove and nightingale dwell,
Where the harsh eye of Envy may never pervade,
O grant me some moss-cover'd cell.
Round the mouth of my cave let the ivy entwine
With the woodbine and sweet-scented rose;
Let the blessings of health and contentment be mine,
And no cares shall disturb my repose.

But free from the ills that attend on the great,
And far from all folly and strife,

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With sweet Solitude's charms in this humble retreat,
Let me spend the remains of my life.
Round the mouth of my cave, &c.

FATHERLESS FANNY.

MRS OPIE.——NOT YET PUBLISHED.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around;
As cold are the lips that once smil'd upon me;
And unyielding, alas! as this hard-frozen ground,
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.
Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,
But few to console, and to love me, if any;
And my gains are so small—a bare pittance at most
Repays the exertions of Fatherless Fanny.

Once indeed I with pleasure and patience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by and approv'd;
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd.
And at night, when I brought them my hardly-earn'd gains,
Tho' small they might be, still my comforts were many;
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains—
My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah! now that I work by their presence uncheer'd,
I feel 'tis a hardship indeed to be poor;

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While I shrink from the labour no longer endear'd,
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.
Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims "Thou art welcome, my "Fanny."

That, that is the pang;—want and toil could impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart—
The smiles of affection are riches to me.
Then, ye wealthy, O think, when to you I apply
To purchase my goods, tho' you do not buy any,
If in accents of kindness you deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor Fatherless Fanny.

O STAY, SWEET FAIR.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

O STAY, sweet fair, till day is breaking,
And gold the purple sky is streaking.
Good friend, we must, altho' yet weary,
Traverse the mountain wild and dreary.
Thou, pilgrim, leave not yet the dwelling,
Where kindness every care dispelling.
Kind friend, the storm no more is blowing;
The morning dawns; we must be going.
Adieu! may Heav'n be kind, befriending—
Your sorrows with your journey ending.

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Wilt thou, when o'er the moor a ranger,
Think of the poor, forsaken stranger?
Yes, when I hear the tempest swelling,
I'll think of thee, and of thy dwelling.
And wilt thou stop, when homeward journ'ing,
If by this humble cot returning?
Yes, here I'll rest me till the morrow,
And, 'neath thy roof, forget my sorrow.
Safe, list'ning to the distant billow,
We'll sink upon our rushy pillow.

OUR COT IN THE VALE.

HAMILTON.——HAMILTON, EDINBURGH.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

A POSEY of flow'rs, which is lovely and fine,
To deck your fair bosom, from me will you buy;
These roses, dear lady, are red as your cheeks,—
With dew-drops they glisten as clear as your eye.
I am a poor orphan, believe me, 'tis true;
My tongue, tho' it faulters, ne'er told a false tale;
A mother's kind presence I'll never meet more,
Which cheer'd and made happy our cot in the vale.

O look at the daisy, so lovely and mild,
The snow-breasted lilly, and branches of thyme,
(The meek eye of Innocence scarcely more sweet);
Their fate, too, is hopeless—an emblem of mine.
Bereft of the stem which supported their bloom,
Where gaily they spread all their charms to the gale,

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To save them from ruin no art hath the pow'r,
Or make them to flourish again in the vale.

At night, when my father return'd from the field,
How light was my heart when I met his fond smile!
Tho' wealth we had none, of content we had store,
While Hope's distant promise each care would beguile.
But, ah! how uncertain is Hope's gilded scene!
Less constant than shadows that skip o'er the dale;
The sunshine is fled, never more to return,
And gloom now inhabits our cot in the vale.

HARK! THE SPRIGHTLY VOICE, ETC.

ANON.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.————MURRAY.

Sung by Miss Dennett.

HARK! the sprightly voice of Pleasure
Calls to yonder rosy bower;
There she scatters all her treasure,
There exerts her magic power.
Listen to the pleasing call;
Follow, mortals, follow all.
Lead the dance, and spread the feast;
Crown with roses every guest:
Now the sprightly minstrels sound;
Pleasure's voice is heard around.

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WHEN CONQUERING LOVE, ETC.

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

WHEN conquering Love assails the heart,
Alas! what can withstand the foe?
Let Prudence preach, let Reason frown;
Nought can avail—ah! no, no, no.

'TIS THE LARK, ETC.

G. NICKS.——————BAINBRIDGE, LONDON.——————G. NICKS.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

'TIS the lark that charms mine ear,
High on soaring pinions borne;
Loud and shrill his sprightly notes
Proclaim the blushing dawn of morn.
There the blackbird and the thrush,
Perch'd upon the prickled thorn,
Warbling sweet their woodland song,
Speak the glad return of morn.

Soon through every wood and grove
Spreads the full harmonious lay;
All the feather'd songsters join,
To welcome in the new-born day.
On each bush, from morn till eve,
Thus they swell their little throats;
But the veil of night once spread,
Hush'd are all their woodland notes.

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Then the lonely nightingale,
Shunning still the glare of day,
With her sweet complaining song,
Cheers the trav'ller on his way.

SWEET MINSTREL, SING.

ANONYMOUS.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

SWEET minstrel, sing good-night once more,
And I'll, too, repeat it o'er and o'er;
Yes, I'll repeat that soft farewell,—
But how repeat I must not tell.

Dear minstrel, sing, oh! sing again;
I feel the magic of that strain;
Thy Rosa felt not more delight,
When on thy lips she breath'd good-night.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

O'KEEFE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Harrison, at the Vocal Concerts.

THE billet-doux, oh! didst thou bear
To my Lorenza, lovely maid?
I see how look'd the modest fair;
I hear the gentle things she said.
The mantling blood her cheek forsakes,
But quick returns the rosy hue;

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With trembling haste the seal she breaks,
And reads my tender billet-doux.

The billet-doux when I receive,
I press it to my throbbing heart;
Sweet words, I cry—such joys you give,
Oh! never, never thence depart.
And now it to my lips is prest;
But when the magic name I view,
Again I clasp it to my breast,
My fond, my tender billet-doux.

POOR THEODORE'S FORGOT!

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

THE other day, when I was dancing
To the air you love so well,
And with the flowerets sweet advancing,
At your feet the offering fell,
A sigh, your woe betraying,
O'erpower'd the smile you meant to give,
While in vain to speak essaying.
Ah! could I your griefs relieve:
But, alas! you love me not;
Poor Theodore's forgot!

O let me hope to see reviving
All the gaiety you know;
When, for your kind attention striving,
I was ever in your view:

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My childish sports approving,
My trifling all your cares beguil'd;
Still on your brow no frown reproving,
You on your little orphan smil'd.
But, alas! &c.

THE SILKEN CORD.

CARLISLE.——BIRCHALL, LONDON.——HAIGH.

Sung in Private Circles.

WITH conscious pride I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand,—
With pride exult that I alone
Can join these scatter'd gems in one;
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.
'Tis mine their inmost souls to see;
Unlock'd is every heart to me;
To me they cling, on me they rest,
And I've a place in every breast;
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

THE COTTAGE QUEEN.

G. NICKS.——PRESTON, LONDON.——G. NICKS.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

SAY, did you mark that lonely cot
Beside yon limpid spring,

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Round which the honey-suckle sweet
And woodbine closely cling?
There dwelt a maid, 'midst rural scenes,
By Fashion's eye unseen;
And she, by all the rustic train,
Was call'd the COTTAGE QUEEN.

Her cheek was like the damask rose;
Her form was fair to view;
Her eye! the violet's azure bloom
Was never half so blue.
At tales of woe, soft trickling tears
Would grace her lilly neck,
As pearly drops of morning dew
The op'ning snow-drops deck.

Her heart was chastity itself;
Her thoughts were free from guile:
Not purer, nor more innocent,
The new-born infant's smile.
She felt for ev'ry child of woe,
And pity'd their distress;
And still her greatest pleasure was
Their suff'rings to redress.

THE MAID OF MARLIVALE.

MOORE.——————HIME, LIVERPOOL.——————STEVENSON.

Sung at the Liverpool Concerts.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine thro' Rapture's tear?

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The sun is sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here,
Oh! maid of Marlivale.

Was that her footstep on the hill,—
Her voice upon the gale?
No; 'twas wind, and all was still,
Oh! maid of Marlivale.

Come to me, love,—I've wander'd far;
'Tis past the promis'd hour:
Come to me, love,—the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower,
Oh! maid of Marlivale.

THE SOLDIER, SLUMB'RING, ETC.

G. WALKER.——WALKER, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung by Mr Dignum.

THE soldier, slumb'ring after war,
Dreams he hears the cannons roar;
And mutt'ring trumpets, from afar,
Rouse him to the fight once more.
But if he wakes, the gentler strains
Of happy Peace around him move,
Far other raptures fill his veins,
And sounds of war give place to tales of love.

The soldier, tranquil after war,
Heeds no more the din of arms;
The trumpet nor the drum, from far,
Rouse him with their loud alarms:

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But softer strains and softer airs
His bosom charm, and bid to share
All that a grateful land prepares,
And hail the hero guardian of the fair.

The soldier, tranquil still in peace,
Thinks how oft the field was won,—
And, while the strifes of nations cease,
Tells the story to his son:
While all around the vet'ran creep,
And hear how he has bled to save;
The mother and the daughters weep,
Yet join to bless the hero and the brave.

THE WOODLAND MAID.

SKEFFINGTON.——KELLY, LONDON.——ADDISON.

Sung by Mr Gibbon.

THE woodland maid, my beauty's queen,
In Nature's simple charms array'd,
This heart subdues; that matchless mien
Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
For wide domains, for gay parade;
I would, unmov'd, such toys behold,
Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.

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HAVE YOU NOT SEEN, ETC.

MOORE, ESQ.——WALKER, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from my eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the rising sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly, true;
My life has been a task of love,
One love-long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you try,
Alas! I know but one proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die.

ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR, ETC.

O'KEEFE.——GOULDING, LOND.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

ON by the spur of Valour goaded,
Pistols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;

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While each spark, thro' the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?
Like serpents now thro' thickets creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping!
Calvette, to the onset lead us!
Let the weary trav'ller dread us,
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze,
Thunder to our carbines roaring!
Bursting clouds, in torrents pouring,
Wash the sanguine dagger's blade!
Ours a free and roving trade.
To the onset let's away!
Valour calls, and we obey.

THE MANLY HEART.—DUETT.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MOZART.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

THE manly heart, with love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own;
'Tis beauty's task, soft smiles bestowing,
To share and smooth the lover's moan.
Hail, sacred Love, through heav'n and earth!
Hail, sacred flame, that gave us birth!
And Love, the ills of life beguiling,
The soul in willing bondage leads;
And, while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads.

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Nor aught can dearer raptures prove,
Than two fond hearts that truly love.
Love and truth, and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above.

BONNY BET, SWEET BLOSSOM.

O'KEEFE.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Johnstone.

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who shines in artificial beauty;
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
Oh my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
Was I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom,
O my bonny, bonny Bet.

You ask me where those beauties lie?
I cannot say, in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek, or radiant eye;
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
Oh my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh, in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.
Oh my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

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Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;
My heav'n art thou—so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
Oh my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

LAURA.

DR WALCOTT.——GOULDING, LONDON.——NICKS.

A favourite Song.

BY all the joys thy charms can give,
O Laura, tell a hopeless swain,
Who loaths without thy smile to live,
What can that sweetest smile regain.

For thee each peril would I prove,
Each hardship Fancy can impart;
Lo! all I dare, but cease to love,
And blot thine image from my heart.

WITH DELIGHT WILL I SING.

ANONYMOUS.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

WITH delight will I sing of the maid,
Whose beauty and wit do excel;
My Fanny the fairest shall lead,
And from beauties shall bear off the bell.

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Beside her, by day and by night,
No care and no sorrow I'll know;
But I'll look on her form with delight,
And her ringlets, that beauteously flow.

What modesty blooms in her looks,
What mildness is heard from her tongue;
Not flowers so fair by the brooks,
Not the bird-notes so sweetly are sung.
Her hair more than ebon I prize,
Her neck may compare with the dove,
Her wit is as bright as her eyes,
And her goodness as pure as my love.

YE SHEPHERDS, GIVE EAR.

ANONYMOUS.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And listen awhile to my moan;
I now have but little to say,
Since Charlotte, dear Charlotte, is gone.
To praise her in elegant song,
Who'll give me the bard's flowing strains?
Who'll give me the orator's tongue,
To tell how she's lov'd by the swains?

The eye, that beheld her, admir'd;
For her charms have attracted the eye:
She comes, and each bosom is fir'd;
She goes, and what heart does not sigh?

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When she spoke, how charming her voice!
Her sense was with sweetness combin'd:
She ne'er look'd, but she heighten'd my joys;
She ne'er spoke, but she polish'd my mind.

Return, then, dear Charlotte, return,
And cheer up the gloom that is here;
Thine absence alone 'tis I mourn,
Thy presence will dry up my tear.
My thoughts were all fix'd upon thee,
As oft as I pensively stray'd;
How dear is thine image to me,
Thou lovely and elegant maid!

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————PLEYEL.

Sung at the Principal Concerts.

Ah! where can fly my soul's true-love?
Sad I wander this lone grove;
Sighs and tears for him I shed;
Henry is from Laura fled.
Thy love to me thou didst impart;
Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.

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See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And Love's sweet hope within me dies;
For, oh! dear Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

WHEN THE SEASON INVITES.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

WHEN the season invites, and all nature is gay,
And Phœbus illumines the morn,
The sportsmen are ready, and cry "hark away!"
As cheerfully sounds the blithe horn.
Up the hill or the lawn, see, they brush it along,
While ruddy their faces the glow;
Sweet Echo, in chorus, repeats the glad song,
With hark forward, huzza, tally-ho!

With well-scented hounds artful Reynard's pursu'd,
Who nimbly flies over the plain;
Tho' with cunning above other brutes he's endu'd,
Yet his cunning, alas, is in vain!
The staunch pack surround him—his courage is past;
Too weak to contend with the foe,
He faulters, he trembles, and yields up at last,
While the sportsmen sing loud "tally-ho!"

Mankind are all huntsmen, the great and the small,
Tho' diff'rent the game they've in view;
And some, leaping high, often meet with a fall,
As eagerly still they pursue.

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But we, the true sportsmen, all dangers defy;
No sorrow or troubles we know;
For at night, o'er the bowl, we fresh raptures supply,
With repeating the song "tally-ho!"

THE RED-BREAST.

R. ANDERSON.——WARD, LIVERPOOL.——M. LEE.

Sung at the Liverpool Concerts.

TENANT of a leafy dwelling,
Flitting round from tree to tree,
Winter's drear approach oft telling,
Rest, poor wand'rer, here with me.

Thou shalt live secure from danger;
I will to thy wants attend,
And protect thee, feeble ranger,
Proud to be each creature's friend.

Now forc'd from thy native bowers,
Come, and to my Anna sing,
Shelter'd safe from stormy showers,
Till the glad return of spring.

For my sake she will regard thee;
Thou, sweet bird, wilt be caress'd:
For thy songs she will reward thee;
Pity's mansion is her breast.

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BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

DIBDIN.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Bannister.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board,
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes, on shore,
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge, roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
Shall my signal be to think on thee;
And this shall be my song—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip, renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,
Blow high, blow low, &c.

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THE WITCHES.—GLEE.

SHAKESPEARE.——GOULDING, LONDON.——M. P. KING.

Sung at the Ladies' Concerts.

WHEN shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly's done;
When the battle's lost and won!
That will be e'er set of sun.

BARRA VALE.

RANNIE.——BRODERIP, LONDON.——ROSS.

Sung in Private Circles.

O BARRA Vale, gay joy was mine,
When first thy rural shades I knew;
I deem'd my native fields divine,
Till Joy and Hope together flew.
Ah! then, while Love the heart invades,
Before the eye all beauty fades;
So, fated now, I bid farewell
To early bliss and Barra Vale!

O Barra Vale, beneath thy shades
I fondly sported while a boy;
Thy flow'ry wilds and balmy glades,
The smiling scenes of harmless joy.
Now destin'd from their charms to rove,
Dear haunts of Innocence and Love,

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With deep regret I bid farewell
To early bliss and Barra Vale.

O Barra Vale, when torn away
From ev'ry scene to pleasure dear,
And doom'd in distant climes to stray,
Chaste Fancy still will linger here.
The lovely scenes of youth to view,
The hope of vanish'd joys renew,
On ev'ry tender thought to dwell
Of early bliss and Barra Vale.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

PERCY.——LONGMAN AND CO. LONDON.——CARTER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face each parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,—

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Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,—
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,—
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his breathless clay,
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,—
Nor then regret the scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

MYRTILLA.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————HOWARD.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.

YE cheerful virgins, have ye seen
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jasmin bower?
Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
For, sure, ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

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Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
Join'd with the lily, as it grows,—
Where each in sweetness vie:
Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
That warbles cheerful on the spray,
To hail the vernal beam;
Her heart is blither than her song;
Her passions gently move along,
Like the smooth gliding stream.

THE POOR SHIPWRECK'D BOY!

NICHOLLS.——CLEMENTI, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

'MIDST lightning swift flashing, while thunder burst loud,
The sea toss'd the vessel's top-mast to the cloud;
Descending, she struck on a sharp sunken rock,
And parted, 'midst horrible shrieks, at the shock.
No pow'r was at hand from the tempest to save,
So the whole were entomb'd in a wat'ry grave;
Save one, on a plank, Fate forbore to destroy,
In despair reach'd the shore, a poor shipwreck'd boy!

Wet, trembling and fainting, he rose from the strand,
Borne up by a stake Chance had left in his hand:

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After wringing his hands, he survey'd the new scene;
For the storm was gone by, and the heavens serene.
T'ward the hills now he looks, sees a cottage to please,
For the white smoke of Plenty curl'd thro' the thick trees;
Hope brighten'd his face with the sun-beams of Joy,
And away for the cot bent the poor shipwreck'd boy!

The dame saw him coming, and flew to the latch;
Her daughters and sons plac'd themselves at the hatch:
The lad 'gan his tale with a heart-rending sigh,
And points to the wreck, with a tear in each eye;
For fond Recollection disturb'd his kind breast,
And he felt for his shipmates the pang unexpress'd:
Attention with pity the rustics employ,
And this was the song of the poor shipwreck'd boy!—

"No friend to protect me, no parent to guide;
"My parents and friends are all lost in the tide;
"Quite cold are their lips in yon pitiless brine,
"And the kiss of Affection no more shall be mine!"
Grief paus'd, and bright tears from the cottagers flow;
E'en Tray hung his tail at the sonnet of Woe;
The kind-hearted red-breast, unheeding annoy,
Perch'd near the sad song of the poor shipwreck'd boy!

"Scarce a thing have I sav'd from the terrible wreck!
"These trowsers all dripping, this shirt on my back,

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" Are all I can boast of! In pity, then, spare
" And yield me that comfort you happily share."
Full swift as the bright springs from a precipice flow,
The hearts of the throng felt Humanity's glow,
Conducted to comforts productive of joy,
And Despair fled the breast of the poor shipwreck'd boy!

OXFORDSHIRE NANCY BEWITCHED.

GARRICK.——BLAND, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

THO' I'm slim, and am young, and was lively and fair,—
Could sing a sweet song, and in others kill care;
Yet I'm surely bewitch'd, for I can't drive away
What makes me so restless by night and by day.
In vain I perplex my poor fancy
To find out the grief;
But, alas! no relief.
Heigho! what can be the matter with Nancy?

With my head on my pillow, I seek for repose,
Which comes to the wretched, and softens their woes;
But, sleepless, tho' blameless, I sigh thro' the night,—
And the day can't relieve me, tho' ever so bright.
In vain I perplex, &c.

So evil a spirit that haunts a poor maid,
By the grave sons of physic can never be laid;

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If a youth, vers'd in magic, would take me in hand,
I'm sure of a cure, if he waves but his wand.
In vain I perplex, &c.

A young Oxford scholar knows well my sad case,
For he look'd in my eyes, and read over my face;
So learned he talk'd, that I felt, at my heart,
He must have great skill in the magical art.
In vain I perplex, &c.

O send for this scholar, and let him prescribe;
He'll do me more good than the medical tribe:
Then the rose with the lily again shall appear,
And my heart, now so heavy, dance thro' the whole year.
No more I'll perplex my poor fancy
To find out the grief,
For he'll soon bring relief.
Heigho! he knows what's the matter with Nancy.

FOR THEE THESE TEARS, ETC.

MORELAND.——WALKER, LONDON.——BARBER.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

FOR thee these tears, once lovely maid,
For thee they flow, whose early bloom
Lies here, in solemn pomp array'd,
To waste within the silent tomb.
The sweetest flow'rs, ye maidens, bring,
That deck the valley or the plain;

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And, as ye strew them, sweetly sing
Some song of love, in plaintive strain.

The high grass, waving in the wind,
Sighs as it bends its drooping head,
And seems to say, Look here, and find
The fairest mingled with the dead!
The daffodil, betipt with dew,
The modest lily of the vale,
Now weep beneath the mournful yew,
Which murmurs to the passing gale.

Ah! where is now that cheering smile?
Ah! where those lips that once I prest,—
Those lips, which could all care beguile,
And bid the rudest passions rest.
Around thy tomb each love-lorn maid
Shall mourn her love, the false, the brave;
The shepherd, from the distant glade,
Shall weep his sorrows o'er thy grave.

AWAKE, MY LUTE.

JONES.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————JONES.

Sung in Private Circles.

AWAKE, my lute, thy saddest strain,
To speak my throbbing bosom's pain;
Tell ev'ry pang that rends my heart,
Each grief which bids sweet Hope depart.
Ah! my lute cannot express
My love's disdain, or my distress.

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Then why essay that heart to move,
Which spurns my vows, and scorns my love?
Or why intreat that cruel fair,
Regardless of her slave's despair?
Thy fruitless strain, my lute, give o'er;
He sings in vain, who hopes no more.

But still pursue thy mournful measure,
For lovers' woes partake of pleasure;
And ev'ry care which fills my soul,
I feel ally'd to Joy's controul.
'Tis thus, my lute, thy tuneful strain
So sweetly soothes thy master's pain.

CHARMING VILLAGE MAID.

O'KEEFE.——————WALKER, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Johnstone.

CHARMING village maid,
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine;
If not enjoy'd with thee,
E'en Nature's beauties fade,
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care,
Your lambs to feed and fold,
The dog-star heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold;

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Well pleas'd, I'd toil for thee,
At harrow, flail, or spade.
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid.

This morn, at early dawn,
I had a hedge-rose wild;
Its sweets perfum'd the lawn;
'Twas sportive Nature's child,
My lovely fair, for thee,
Transplanted from the glade.
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN SAILOR BOY.

NUSSEY.——WALKER, LONDON.——SANDERSON.

A favourite Song.

A LITTLE orphan sailor boy,
Fate of my friends bereft me;
Ere Hope would give my bosom joy,
My parents dy'd, and left me.
Thus shipwreck'd on Misfortune's strand,
Don't think me, sirs, a railer;
For soon I left my native land,
A little orphan sailor.

But first I well kiss'd sister Sue,
Vow'd never to neglect her,
Said he would be to me and you
A parent and protector.

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So father said; and so I pray,
That ills may not assail her;
For her I'd labour night and day,
Tho' a poor orphan sailor.

But Providence, the orphan's friend,
The good with good surprises,
Plump in our way did kindly send
Two gay-rigg'd Spanish prizes.
To us the foremost quickly struck;
Her skill could not avail her;
With dollars loaded—what good luck
For a poor orphan sailor!

Here's stuff enough for sister Sue;
With this may Heaven bless her;
While I will, to my country true,
Fight those who would oppress her.
For now light-hearted I shall be,
That Sue can well regale her;
And I can put again to sea,
A merry orphan sailor.

O SHARE MY COTTAGE, ETC.

MISS SEWARD.——WRIGHT, NEWCASTLE.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

O SHARE my cottage, dearest maid,
Beneath a mountain wild and high;
It nestles in the silent shade,
And Wye's clear currents wander by.

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Each tender care, each honest art,
Shall chase all future want from thee,
When thy sweet lips consent impart
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the city's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen,
No chill impertinence invade,
Nor envy base, nor sullen spleen.
The shadowy rocks which circle round,
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy sun shall 'pear,
And faintly gild yon little spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read, sweet songs to sing!
O they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd season bring
Merry spring-time back again.

Ne'er doubt when wheaten ears shall rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove with me the sprightly joys
That Love and Industry bestow.
There jocund we can banish Strife;
Her cloud no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life
Shall still be spent in pleasing thee.

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THE BIRD.—DUETT.

T. DIBDIN.——————DALE, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Madame Storace and Mr Braham.

AH! could I hope my fair to see!
Haste, then, and hope to find her.
No hope—alas! she's flown from me!
Indeed!—then never mind her.
The bird that sings in yonder cage,
To me sings notes of sorrow,
And adds new transports to my rage!
You'll change your note to-morrow.

THE FAREWELL.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————ANON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

SLOWLY, across the distant glade,
Many a weary step I measure;
That we may live to meet again,
Is the dear hope I fondly treasure.
But dearer far the rising sigh
That Love drew from thee when we parted;
A blessing thou couldst not deny
To one who left thee broken-hearted.

And when those lovely eyes betray'd
Such deep regret, such artless sorrow,
Thy sweet regret at once convey'd
The only charm Despair could borrow.

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Yet could not I my tears command;
And, fearful, lest I had offended,
Silent I press'd thy trembling hand,
In pity to my grief extended.

If ever thou shouldst softly sigh,
And count the hours we have been parted,
Let Mem'ry, then, the form supply
Of one who left thee broken-hearted.
And when across the distant plain,
From far, my weary steps I measure,
To live, and meet thee once again,
Will realize the hope I treasure.

ALL IS HUSH'D!—DUETT.

COLEMAN.——CORRI, LONDON.——PAISIELLO.

Sung by Mrs Crouch and Miss De Camp.

ALL is hush'd! no footstep falls!
And silence reigns within these walls!
The place invites—the door is near;
The time is apt—the key is here!
Say, shall we? Yes.—Say, shall we? No.
What is it makes us tremble so?

Mischief is not our intent;
Then wherefore fear we should repent?
Say, shall we? Yes—the door is near.
Say, shall we? Yes—the key is here.

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AH! DO NOT SAY, ETC.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————HOOKE.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

AH! do not say you'll leave me, love,
The rude alarms of war to prove;
My dearest, do not leave me.
Then shun the dangers of the field;
Sweet are the joys true love can yield.
Ah! do not say you'll leave me.

No more the dove, in murmurs sweet,
Will coo around our fav'rite seat;
When thou art gone, the breeze will sigh,
The flowers will hang their heads and die.
Ah! do not say you'll leave me.

O tell me who your Ann shall shield,
While you the cannon's thunder wield;
Like sweets around, she'll weep and sigh,
Will droop, will fade, alas! will die.
Ah! do not say you'll leave me.

WING'D ON LEAVES, ETC.

A SERENADE.

STEWART.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.——————MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

WING'D on leaves of new-blown roses,
Cupid, waft Alonzo's sigh,

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Press the lip where Joy reposes,
Light the star-beam of that eye,
Smooth her locks with laughing fingers,
Fan thy pinions o'er her breast:
Urchin!—how the fond-one lingers,
Archly nods, and looks so blest!

Bud of beauty, Brunette fair!
Smile thy own Alonzo nigh,
Wave thy locks of raven hair,
Sigh me back a softer sigh:
Wake thee, love—in highest noon
Rides the dancing orb of night;
Wake thee, love—the glitt'ring moon
Silvers soft thy lattic'd height.

GOOD DEEDS ARE NEVER, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——DALE, LONDON.——ATTWOOD.

Sung by Mr Townsend.

A LITTLE boy, a Savoyard,
With cold and hunger almost dying,
Among the rocks and mountains lost,
For parents, house, and home, was crying!
A stranger, from the distant road,
Who heard him weep, and saw him wander,
No longer suffer'd him to saunter!
Good deeds are never ill bestow'd.

He gave the little boy his hand,
And dry'd his tears, and hush'd his sorrow;

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And said such gentle things and kind,
I could not tell them by to-morrow!
He brought him to his lost abode,—
His mother dear, whose heart was breaking;
And left his purse, with friendly greeting!
Good deeds are never ill bestow'd.

This little boy became a man,
And cruel war again was raging;
The stranger to the battle went,
And fell where fire and sword were raging!
The Savoyard before him strode,
And, by his bold and brave behaviour,
With noble valour sav'd his saviour!
Good deeds are never ill bestow'd.

WHERE IS ELLEN?

SKEFFINGTON.——KELLY, LONDON.——J. ADDISON.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

WHERE is Ellen?—rural beauty;
Ah! in pity, tell me where:
Well she claims a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Tho' time may steal the rose of youth,
The mind may still be vernal,
Increase of years but strengthen truth,
And virtue is eternal.

Where is Ellen?—rural beauty;
Point the path—direct me there:

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Reason sanctions fondest duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Some graces time will steal away,
Some graces nobly cherish:
Beauty, like flowers, will soon decay;
But sense can never perish.

Where, then, is the rural beauty?
Ellen pure is Ellen fair:
Mine is still a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

THE GLAD TRUMPET.

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mr Braham.

HE was fam'd for deeds of arms;
She, a maid of envy'd charms,
Now to him her love imparts:
One pure flame pervades both hearts.
Honour calls him to the field:
Love to conquest now must yield.
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!
Battle now with fury glows;
Hostile blood in torrents flows:
His duty tells him to depart;
She press'd her hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms!
Amid the clash of rude alarms,

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He with love and conquest burns:
Both subdue his mind by turns.
Death the soldier now enthrals:
With his wounds the hero falls!
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rush'd, and caught him in her arms!
O Death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me!
For, hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!

MUSIC FIRST WITH VOICE, ETC.

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mr Braham.

MUSIC first with voice rebounding,
Thro' the vaulted skies resounding,
Sweetly breathing magic notes
Thro' the feather'd warbler's throats—
They soar and sing,
And sail thro' air on downy wing!

Thus, thro' the skies,
With choir of feather'd minstrelsy,
Soft Music flies,
Till Science fix'd its limit'ry:
And now the godlike maid can range
But thro' the region of harmonic change.

Tho' the rules of art her flight confine,
She still has room to rove:
Her pow'r o'er the soul can thought refine;
She tunes all hearts to love.

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Then, blest Cecilia, hail!—all hail to thee,
Whose magic lyre
First struck the chord that gave to melody
Harmonic fire!

TOGETHER LET US RANGE, ETC.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————ARNE.

Sung by Mrs Dickons and Mr Incledon.

TOGETHER let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples' clust'ring bough.
There the close-embowered shades,
Impervious to the noontide ray,
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

THE BROW OF THE HILL.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

TO the chase, to the chase, on the brow of the hill,
Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing morn;
While, full to the welkin, their notes, clear and shrill,
Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn.

What music celestial, when urging the race,
Sweet Echo repeats to the chase;

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Our pleasure transports us!—how gay flies the hour!
Sweet Health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.
To the chase, &c.

See the stag just before us—he starts at the cry!
He stops—his strength fails!—Speak, my friends, must he die?
His innocent aspect while standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion; and your looks seem to say,
Let him live! let him bound o'er his forest again!
To the chase, &c.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.

ANON.——————BRODERIP, LONDON.——————ROSS.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

THE orange flow'rs, on Cuba's strand,
Were waving in the evening gale,
When, slowly floating on the sand,
Was heard the sad Hindara's wail.
Reclining by the foaming flood,
She hush'd the infant on her knee;
Sweet babe—her breast was streak'd with blood,
And all to ward the scourge from thee.

Green are the groves on Benin's shore,
And fair the fields beyond the sea;

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There, by his native torrents' roar,
My youthful warrior pines for me.
You, then, white clouds, your torrents pour,
He cries, and flow each mountain stream,
And roll to me the golden ore,
That I may yet my love redeem.

And each revolving month he wears
The sandals his Hindara wore,
Ere whites, regardless of her tears,
Convey'd her far from Benin's shore.
But never more to Benin's strand,
To meet my love, shall I return;
But where the sea-wave crisps the sand,
I weary sit, and lonely mourn.

THE ROSE THAT WEEPS.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————BROOKS.

Sung by Mrs Cooke.

THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the sunny ray,
In tears or smiles, resembles you,
When Love breaks Sorrow's clouds away.
The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,
Enrich the scent, renew the glow;
So Love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,—
So bliss more brightly shines by woe.

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IN THEE EACH JOY POSSESSING.

ANON.——LONGMAN, LONDON.——ANON.

Sung by Mrs Crouch and Mr Kelly.

IN thee each joy possessing,
My hours shall steal away,
In endless prospects bright;
New pleasures, past expressing,
Each happy day shall bring,
Each moment new delight.

I SAID, ON THE BANKS, ETC.

CUNNINGHAM.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ANONYMOUS.

A favourite Song.

I SAID, on the banks by the stream,
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long:
Oh! grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song.
But Pan bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose has a beautiful red,
But faded, to Phillis's bloom;
The breeze from the bean-flower bed,
To her breath's but a feeble perfume;
The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,

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Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

The lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with hers to compare,—
And foolishly thought, till I try'd,
The flow'ret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you mistake;
Your fault be with sorrow confest;
You said the white swans on the lake,
For softness, might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays;
She smil'd—a reward for my song.
I find the god Pan's in the right;
No fame's like the fair-one's applause;
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

I TRAVERS'D JUDAH'S BARREN SAND.

MC-NALLY.————PRESTON, LONDON.————SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
At Beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,

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Bade Love's devotions not be seen,
Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray:
But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sickly'd ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land
Where beauty fills the western shore;

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
O Charity's sweet children, smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way!

OH! RED LOOK'D THE SUN.

FRANKLIN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——FLORIO.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

OH! red look'd the sun on that sad, fatal day,
When poor me from my country white man tore away;
While, wringing his hands, Bambra sigh'd on the shore,
"My Nigra, alas! is no more."

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The sea it was troubled, and loud roar'd the wind,—
My heart, too, was troubled for him left behind;
Then Bambra's hard lot all true lovers deplore,
For he now, alas! is no more.

As the breeze swell'd the sea, so with grief swell'd his heart,
For he vow'd that from Nigra he'd ne'er live apart;
So he plung'd in the sea, and, far from the shore,
He sunk, and, alas! is no more.

THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

COOPER.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————WEBBE.

Sung by Mr Harrison.

THE rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd, in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet;
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd;
And wringing it rudely, too rudely, alas!
It snapt, and it fell to the ground.

Ah! such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,

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Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

FANNY, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

HOARE.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

E'ER since I found true love beginning,
And thought his hand was worth the winning,
I call'd each little artful aid in,
To spare the question from a maiden:
To wake or show
When ask'd to go,
I still deny'd
All lads beside,
And pray'd of Ralph to carry me:
It seem'd so pat,
In tender chat,
To whisper, Fanny, will you marry me?

In evening fine, and summer weather,
When o'er the fields we walk'd together,
Tho' I can trip it like a fairy,
I've oft pretended to be weary;
Then, leaning on his arm awhile,
I slily ask him, with a smile,

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I am tir'd,—pray, will you carry me?
But, on the way,
He ne'er would stay,
To whisper, Fanny, will you marry me?

POOR MARY-ANNE!

ANONYMOUS.———WALKER, LONDON.———WELCH AIR.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

HERE, below the green turf, sleepeth,
Poor Mary-Anne!
She whom ev'ry maiden weepeth,
Poor Mary-Anne!
By her lover falsely slighted,
All her prospects early blighted,
In the world no more delighted,
Poor Mary-Anne!

Pale her cheek, where Health and Pleasure,
Poor Mary-Anne!
Once bestow'd their choicest treasure,
Poor Mary-Anne!
By that brook, her lover seeking,
Oft she wander'd, without speaking;
Ah! too sure her heart was breaking,
Poor Mary-Anne!

As the lily bent by showers,
Poor Mary-Anne!
Droop'd the pride of Nature's flow'rs,
Poor Mary-Anne!

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Now beneath the green turf laying,
Oft from yonder village straying,
We lament this maiden, saying,
Poor Mary-Anne!

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

CROSS.——————RILEY, LONDON.————SANDERSON.

Sung by Mrs Herbert.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave;
Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor:
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite;
Contented, we just keep the wolf from the door,
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely—mirth sweetens the cheer;
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

LIRA, LIRA, LA.

COLEMAN.——————PRESTON, LONDON.————ARNOLD.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,

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What must be the lassy's life,
Who a soldier marries;
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, la, with her jolly soldier.

In camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise
And quit her in the morning;
But, the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Lira, lira, &c.

Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever,—
At his passion she will scoff,—
Laughing, thus she'll put him off,
Lira, lira, &c.

MAD BESS.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————PURCELL.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

FROM silent shades, and the Elysium groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves,—
From chrystal streams, and from that country where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,

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Poor senseless Bess, cloath'd in her rags and folly,
Is come to cure her love-sick melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab, the fairy queen, did dance,
And Oberon did sit in state,
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.

For, since my love is dead, and all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess, for his sake,
A garland will make;
My music shall be a groan!

I'll lay me down and die,
Within some hollow tree;
The raven and cat,
The owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not see my love, as he past by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts!
Ladies, beware ye,
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye.
Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl;
His boat he will no longer stay;
The furies lash their whips, and call,
Come away, come away!

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Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure;
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,
Which fools do admire, and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown;
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink nectar still, and sing;
Who is content,
Does all sorrow prevent;
And Bess in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great as a king!

SWEETLY, IN LIFE'S, ETC.

RENOLDS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Miss Murray.

SWEETLY, in Life's jocund morning,
Beam'd on me a father's smile,
Joy with livelier charms adorning,
Cheering grave Instruction's toil.
Cruel Memory, too severely,
Tells me those blest hours are gone,
Which with him I priz'd so dearly:
He has frown'd, and they are flown.

Love, which drew these sorrows on me,
Love alone can yield relief;
The pitying power that has undone me,
Pours the balm that heals my grief.

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What though Memory, so severely,
Tells me that my joys are gone,
Let but him I love so dearly
Smile, and all my cares are flown.

IN PITY, FOND BOSOM, LIE STILL!

FRANKLIN.——KELLY, LONDON.——KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

YES, now I shall think of that heart-broken maid
Whom, in days of my childhood, I knew;
All night she would weep in the cold willow shade,
And her tears mingle warm with the dew!
I have heard her exclaim, as she sadly reclin'd
'Mid the willows, all dripping and chill,—
I have heard her exclaim, while she shrunk in the wind,
"In pity, fond bosom, lie still!"

The youth whom she lov'd had been torn from her arms
By a fate too severely unkind;
Thus wither'd, alas! was the rose of her charms,
And clouded the beams of her mind!
Sweet mourner! thy fortunes may haply be mine,
And I feel in my heart that they will!
Then sad shall I sing, with a sorrow like thine,
"In pity, fond bosom, lie still!"

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LOST IN ANXIOUS DOUBTS.

ANONYMOUS.——PRESTON, LONDON.——BIANCHI.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

LOST in anxious doubts, tormenting
Terrors fill my lab'ring breast;
Ah, ye pow'rs! at length relenting,
To my troubled soul give rest.
Storms of ruin round me falling,
Each rising hope appalling,
Heaven, on thee for succour calling,
Oh! relieve me, thus distress'd.

LOVE SOUNDS THE TRUMPET OF JOY.

UPTON.——BLAND AND CO. LONDON.——REEVE.

Sung by Miss Daniels.

I LOVE, but I dare not say who;
Yet treasure his name in my heart;
Fond heart, which in infancy knew
Each tender access, and its smart.
And mutual, dear youth, is the flame;
A flame which no ill can annoy;
For Hymen shall sanction the same,
And Love sound the trumpet of Joy.

I grieve when my love is away,
Tho' seldom he leaves me behind;
Yet still I have something to say,
And charge him with being unkind.

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But why, silly girl, do I chide?
O tell me, dear Cupid, sweet boy!
When Hymen soon makes me a bride,
And Love sounds the trumpet of Joy.

I will not thee chide any more;
'Tis cruel to wound a fond swain;
O, rather his pardon implore,
Than triumph in giving him pain.
Nor thou, oh! my bosom's delight,
Think Rosa thy peace can destroy!
No; Hymen our hands shall unite,
And Love sound the trumpet of Joy.

SWEET ECHO.

MILTON.——PRESTON, LONDON.——DR ARNE.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if you have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;

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So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

PENT WITHIN THIS CAVERN DREAR.

HOLMAN.——————JONES, LONDON.——————DAVY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

PENT within this cavern drear,
Captive of a ruffian crew,
Startled at each sound I hear,
Shudd'ring at each face I view,—
In dread I pass the gloomy day,
And weep the sleepless night away.

Ere I mourn'd a fate so dire,
Sorrow was an inmate here;
Still her beams of heavenly fire
Hope display'd, my breast to cheer;
The gladd'ning ray she now denies,
For dimm'd is Hope when Freedom dies.

ON THE LIGHTLY SPORTIVE WING.

HOARE.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Madame Storace.

ON the lightly sportive wing,
At Pleasure's call, we fly!
Hark! they dance, they play, they sing,
In merry, merry revelry.

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Hark! the tabor's lively beat;
Hark! the flutes, in numbers sweet,
Fill the night
With delight,
At the masquerade.

Beneath this mask, what tender woes
We softly hear reveal'd,—
Secure, that, while the bosom glows,
Our blushes lie conceal'd!
Let grave ones warn us as they may,
Of ev'ry harmless joy afraid;
While we're young and we're gay,
Let us frolic and play,
At the masquerade.

THE ROSARY.

PEARCE.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

THOUGH oft we meet severe distress
In vent'ring out to sea,
The perils of the storm seem less,
As we to Heav'n our vows address,
And sing the cheering Rosary.

Our kids, that rove the mountain wide,
And bound in harmless glee,
I seek each day at even-tide;
And, while their course I homeward guide,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

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And in the deeper shades of night,
While thro' the woods I flee,
Where gloom and silence yield affright,
To make my beating heart sit light,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

THE POOR LITTLE GIPSEY.

COLEMAN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ARNOLD.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

A POOR little gipsey, I wander forlorn;
My fortune was told long before I was born;
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,
And, in search of my love, I am lost in my way.
Spare a halfpenny, spare a halfpenny,
Spare a poor little gypsey a halfpenny!

I fear, from this line, you have been a sad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
But beware, lest repentance too late cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

Thro' woods and thro' wilds oft as weary I roam,
Long absent from parents, from friends, and from home,
Tho' sad is my heart, and tho' sore are my feet,
Yet I sing on my way, thus, to all that I meet—
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

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FANCY'S DREAM.

COBB.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mrs Crouch.

AS wrapt in sleep I lay,
Fancy assum'd her sway.
A voice, which spoke despair,
Cry'd, "Mourn thy lover banish'd;
"Cold! cold! beneath the main
"Lies he, in battle slain;
"Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair,
"All hope from thee is vanish'd."
Upon the rock I stood;
Forth from the foaming flood
Arose the lovely form
Of him who now is banish'd;
Loose flow'd his auburn hair,
Gored was his bosom bare;
Sinking amid the storm,
He sigh'd "adieu," and vanish'd.

WAS I A SHEPHERD'S MAID.

DIBDIN.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play:

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Or, would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold;
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But, spite of all, away I'd fly.

WHITHER, MY LOVE, ETC.

COBB.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Madame Storace.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no; I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my breast I wear,
Still for its master beats alone;
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

CAN I CEASE TO LOVE HER?

COBB.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

IN childhood's careless, happy day,
When Nature speaks, unspoil'd by art,
Affection mark'd our infant play,
And fix'd its root in either heart:

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Its growth would every hour discover;
Say, then, ah! can I cease to love her?

Oppress'd by sickness, languid, weak,
Attentions kind did she bestow,
And bade, upon my pallid cheek,
Reviving health and joy to glow.
New kindness would each hour discover;
Say, then, ah! can I cease to love her?

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

COBB.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

A SOLDIER to his own fire-side
With laurels was retiring;
An only daughter was his pride,
His every hope inspiring.
In her young mind the virtues shone;
Th' admiring world approv'd her;
She seem'd to live for him alone,
And he as his own life lov'd her.

But oft within the fairest flow'r
The canker-worm is working;
Ingratitude (ah! fatal hour)
In her false heart was lurking.
The spoiler came—he op'd the door,
He from her home remov'd her;
She of her father thought no more,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

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Behold the wretched parent's look!
His child was lost for ever;
The tear his frenzied eye forsook,
For life he seem'd to sever.
Oft did he heave the bitter sigh,
Yet not a word reprov'd her;
For all he wish'd for was to die,
For as his life he lov'd her.

With guilty pangs her bosom torn,
Still lives the wretched daughter,
And long repentant woe has born,
To which her error brought her.
Oh! bring the hour of mercy near;
The eye of Heav'n has prov'd her,
As life to love that father dear,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

YE STREAMS THAT ROUND, ETC.

KEMBLE.——————DALE, LONDON.——————STORACE.

Sung by Mrs Crouch.

YE streams that round my prison creep,
If on yon mossy banks you see
My gallant lover stand and weep,
Oh, murmur this command from me—
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
If in your breezy flight you see

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My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
Oh, whisper this command from me—
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

MARK'D YOU HER EYE?

SHERIDAN.——THOMPSON, LONDON.——SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

MARK'D you her eye of heavenly blue?
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye, in liquid circles moving;
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving:
The one Love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

WHEN GEN'ROUS WINE.

ANON.——BLAND, LONDON.——PROBIN.

Sung by Mr Bowden.

WHEN gen'rous wine expands the soul,
How Pleasure hovers round the bowl!
Avaunt! ye cares, of Fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due!
But let the juice of sparkling wine
My grosser sense to love refine.
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets-full of love.

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Then why should I at life repine?
Bring me, Venus, bring me wine;
Fill the ever-flowing bowl;
In circles gay and pleasures roll.
Ever open, ever free,
Hail, thou friend to jollity!
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
I live to love—my cares are drown'd.

LITTLE SALLY.

ARNOLD, JUN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ARNOLD.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters,
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters.
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Thro' village, street, and alley.
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted, free from sorrow;
And when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow.
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley.
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think of little Sally.

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WHEN THE DREADFUL TEMPEST.

T. DIBDIN.——GOULDING, LONDON.——NASOLINI.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

WHEN the dreadful tempest ceasing,
Every heart from fear releasing,
Nature's beauties seen increasing
To each eye that met the storm:
So we find, when quarrels over,
Those who Cupid's power own,
Love more potent will discover,
And bend lower to his throne.
Jealousy's stern influence ending,
Lovers now no more contending,
To each joy new transports lending,
Passion takes a sweeter form.
No, no, no, no more contending, &c.

Like oil on the flame, a new ardour bestowing,
Affection suspended, its fires fiercer glowing,
With treble warmth exists again,
As Love resumes his pleasing reign.

LOVELY BELL.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LOND.——DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

SPRING, clad in gayest, greenest hue,
Had rang'd her painted charms in order;

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The blushing rose and fox-glove blue
  Deck'd hedge and path with varied border;
'Twas then of love I blithely sang;
  What swain could ever love so well?
While thro' the dale my ditty rang,
  Sweetest of sweets, my lovely Bell.

O! then I woo'd the village maid;
  Who, smiling, heard my honest lay,
And, o'er the hills, to woodland shade,
  Fearless, with me would often stray.
Won by the verse herself inspir'd,
  She join'd Love's artless tale to tell,
And gave me leave, with transport fir'd,
  At church to ring my lovely Bell.

WANDERING SAVOYARD'S SONG.

SIMOND, JUN.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

WITHIN a silent, shelter'd spot,
Is rear'd my lov'd paternal cot;
Behind the Alps their shadows throw,
Here crown'd with pine, and there with snow;
  In front delightful vineyards blush;
With thymey dales, where brouze the flock,
Just bounded by some granite rock,
  Whence water-falls in murmurs gush.
    Ah! how I sorrow'd, when farewell
    I bade unto my native dell!

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The wild-bee there gallanting roves,
And sucks the sweet-lipp'd flow'r he loves;
The pigeon weaves her downy nest,
And murmurs o'er her young at rest;
While little birds of blithest lay,
With shining wings and trilling airs,
O'ersweep the woods in love-link'd pairs,
And warble all the live-long day.
Ah! faint of phrase is tongue to tell
The pleasures of my native dell.

And there, when moon-beams frost the green,
With mountain-pipe and mandoline,
The youths and maids on light feet hie,
To hold their rustic revelry;
And as the cakes and cup pass round,
With mazy dance and merry song,
They charm the early night along,
And waken all the sweets of sound.
Ah! how with joy my heart would swell,
Could I regain my native dell!

THE TEAR THAT BEDEWS, ETC.

MORRIS.——————BLAND, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

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To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potion oblivious a balm may bestow;
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul, that's possest of a charm so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish my soul;
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine
That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd by Love.

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FANNY.

T. DIBDIN.——DALE, LONDON.——DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

IN early youth, my Fanny's charms
Might kings have tempted to her arms;
Her swimming eye, now fill'd with love,
Now sparkling with celestial fire,
Like Venus from her orb above,
Might hermits warm with chaste desire.
She had ten thousand charms beside;
But in these arms my Fanny dy'd!

Our friends had fix'd the nuptial day;
The night before had limp'd away—
(How slowly to a lover's mind!):
At length, in hopes of promis'd bliss,
I rose, in hopes my girl to find;
I ran to claim a husband's kiss,
And taste ten thousand joys beside;
When in these arms my Fanny dy'd!

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

CAREY.——GOULDING, LONDON.——ANON.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

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There's ne'er a lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
  And in the streets doth cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To all who chuse to buy them:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
  I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

Of all the days there's in the week,
  I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday.
O then I'm drest all in my best,
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

My master carries me to church,—
  And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is named:

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I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away with Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, aye, box and all,
And give it to my honey;
And would it were a dozen pounds,
I'd keep it for my Sally,
For she's the darling, &c.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then I'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

WHEN HENRY DIED.

WILLIAMS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——RAUZZINI.

Sung by Mrs Ashe.

ONE fatal hour has chang'd my lot
From happiness to woe!
Hope's cherish'd visions left my cot,
My tears began to flow,
When Henry died.

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His beauty caught my captive eye,
My heart his virtues won;
He own'd an equal flame, and I
To taste of bliss begun,
When Henry died.

Like dew-drops on a thirsty flow'r,
Hope glitter'd in my view;
But neither could the blast endure,
The envious blast that blew,
When Henry died.

POOR WILL.

ANDERSON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

SEEST thou the gay mansion that stands on yon hill,
With gardens before and behind;
There once stood the cottage of poor peasant Will;
But Fortune, ah! she was unkind.
My father, God save him! there toil'd for his bread,
Till Age saw him, tottering, decay;
Misfortune soon made me part from the dear shed,
And forc'd me, a soldier, away.

How many a slaught'ring campaign could I tell,
Where Fame leads weak man to the field!
Of many a battle, when brave comrades fell,
For to Death e'en the bravest must yield!
Now old, poor, and feeble, I oft mark the spot,
And trace the dear groves with a sigh;

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But in vain have I sought the remains of my cot,
Where Grandeur but meets the dim eye.

A rich nabob from India is lord of the hill,
A slave to his ill-gotten gold;
But happier, they tell me, is poor beggar Will,
Who nightly seeks shelter from cold:
For he rests not, 'tis said,—and each day at his gate
The wretched ask pity in vain;
But Will in a barn can sleep, fearless of Fate,
Undisturb'd by the wind and the rain.

Tho' friendless, tho' wretched, why should I repine?
A tear gives no comfort to me;
Since Want is the only companion of mine,
And from that Death will soon set me free.
Then, stranger, I prithee, a halfpenny spare,
And Heaven will a blessing bestow;
For he that a beggar's distress likes to share,
The greatest of pleasures must know.

THE CAREFUL WIFE.

CHERRY.——PRESTON, LONDON.——HOOKE.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

HARK! gentle Jane, the huntsman's horn
Now chides my long delay;
Hark! cries Jane, the hazy morn
Proclaims the cheerless day.
To hunt the stag, the fox, the hare—
Fresh health these sports impart;

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Cries Jane, dear John, O pray forbear,
For Danger wings Death's dart.
Yoics! tantivy! so-ho!
Dear John, cries Jane, your spirits spare,
Of tantivy, O beware.

See, gentle Jane, Aurora bright—
Her beams burst through the sky;
See, cries Jane, by that genial light,
The magic of this eye.
To chase the stag, the fox, the hare,
Should joys domestic yield!
Cries Jane, dear John, avoid the snare
That lurks in Danger's field.
Yoics! tantivy! so-ho!
Dear John, cries Jane, if life's your care,
Of tantivy, O beware.

Now, gentle Jane, I mount my mare,
And spurs clap to her side;
Now, cries Jane, where's the tender care
You swore to me, your bride.
I'll chase the stag, the fox, the hare,
Though Death in ambush hide!
Cries Jane, dear John, of Fate beware,
Lest mischief should betide.
Yoics! tantivy! so-ho!
Now John, convinc'd, dismounts his mare,
Of tantivy, O beware.

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NELSON'S KNELL.—GLEE.

BOWLES.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————RAUZZINI.

Sung at the Bath Concerts.

TOLL Nelson's knell! a soul more brave
Ne'er triumph'd on the green sea wave!
Sad, o'er the hero's honour'd grave,
Toll Nelson's knell!

The ball of Death unerring flew:
His cheek has lost its ardent hue;
He sinks, amidst his gallant crew!
Toll Nelson's knell!

Yet lift, brave chief, thy dying eyes:
Hark! loud huzzas around thee rise;
Aloft the flag of Conquest flies!
The day is won!

The day is won—Peace to the brave!
But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
We'll think upon the victor's grave!
Peace to the brave!

THE BANNERS OF WAR.

HOARE.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

BEHOLD the Britannia! how stately and brave
She floats on the ambient tides!

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For empire design'd, o'er the turbulent wave
How trim and how gallant she rides!
Yet Love, in a true Briton's heart,
With Glory contends for a part;
And the fair cheek of Beauty with tears is impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of War is unfurl'd.

On the shore how alert, how intrepid, her crew!
How firm at their sovereign's command!
Or, dauntless, o'er ocean her foes to pursue,
And die for the cause of their land!
Yet one tear, ere the heroes depart,
One sigh shall be drawn from the heart;
One kiss on the cheek with sweet sorrows impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of War is unfurl'd.

Now forth to the contest!—the battle swells high,
And fierce round the vessel it roars:
Hark! the sons of Britannia "to victory!" cry,
And victory sounds to our shores!
Then, peaceful, again to their home
Shall the patriot warriors come:
No more the fair cheek shall with tears be impearl'd,
But the banner of Peace stand for ever unfurl'd.

THE SEA-BOY ON THE GIDDY MAST.

PEARCE, ESQ.——GOULDING, LONDON.——WHITAKER.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

TO England's tow'rs of oak, farewell;
No more for me shall be unfurl'd

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The canvass, in the gale to swell;
The ocean is no more my world;
Yet there Life's earliest years I fearless past,
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

There oft, to cheer the midnight hour,
The helmsman, with a fancy free,
His ditty to the waves would pour,
Of love on shore, or storms at sea,—
And how the sea-boy, midst the rattling blast,
Keeps station on the high and giddy mast.

Dear were the sounds, tho' rude and hoarse,
Of helm a-lee, or helm a-weather,—
To steer the vessel to her course,
Or keep the sails well fill'd together;
While on the look-out far my eyes were cast,
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

THE FAITH ON HER LIP.

HOARE.——CORRI, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Braham.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the earth;
To Eliza my heart I confess'd:
Love sanction'd the moment to Hope that gave birth;
On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd.
I saw her warm cheek like Heaven's canopy glow,
When Aurora empurples the morn:
She loves me;—oh! heav'n, let me never forego
The faith on her lip I have sworn.

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This bosom, tho' fervid with youth and with health,
In all else shall persuasion controul:
Bid me fly from the charm of ambition or wealth,
Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl!
But Eliza, dear maid! till in earth I'm laid low,
In my heart shall her image be borne:
While she loves me, by heav'n! I will never forego
The faith on her lip I have sworn.

THE ARETHUSA.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD

Sung by Mr Incledon.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in Honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa!

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about;
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa!
The fam'd Belle-Poole straight a-head did lie;
The Arethusa seem'd to fly;

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Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack:
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff;
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa!

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa!
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, ho!
The Frenchmen they cry'd out, hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee!
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be!
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa!

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land;
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa!
And now we've driv'n the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more!
Let each fill a glass
To his fav'rite lass!
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa!

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KATE KEARNEY.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

OH, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney:
From the glance of her eye, shun danger, and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh! I can tell how fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sighs' spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

ANONYMOUS.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FROM Plymouth, in the Vulcan, we set sail;
Three hundred was the number of our crew;

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We left Old England with a fine brisk gale,
  And, sighing, bade our girls a long adieu.
For five long months propitious prov'd the wind,
  That swiftly bore us o'er the billowy main;
Thus all went cheerily, for Fate was kind;
  Each thought to see his native land again.

Now mark the change—'Twas midnight, and the blast
  In fury drove us o'er the foaming flood;
With blackest horror was the sky o'ercast,
  When, lo! the cry was heard that thrill'd our blood.
To work, all hands, to work; she's fir'd below!
  Secure the gun-room, or we're blown on high!
Pour on yet faster,—let the torrents flow,—
  For, see, the curling flames mount to the sky!

Heave o'er the boat, the gallant captain cry'd;
  Let's save at least some sturdy hearts and true!
The boat was hove, but danger all defy'd;
  "Good captain, we'll not budge, but die with you!"
Then down we knelt, and pray'd to Heav'n for grace—
  "Have mercy on us, since all hope is past!"
Each rose, and gave his fellow one embrace,
  Then, plunging 'mid the billows, sought his last!

To splinters was the vessel instant blown;
  The crash still added to the tempest's roar:
I saw my messmates struggling, heard them groan,—
  While, clinging to a plank, I gain'd the shore.

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Thus, of three hundred, I alone am left,
To tell our hopes, our fears, and perils dire,—
To paint a seaman's anguish, when bereft
Of friends and messmates by consuming fire.

TOM, DEATH, AND MARY.

CHERRY.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————HOOKE.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

POOR Tom his wife, fair Mary, lov'd,
But Tom was old and sickly;
To him his Mary loving prov'd,
His laws obeying strictly;
For if Tom's head but chanc'd to ache,
(Such was his wife's quandary)
If Death should come my Tom to take,
I'd beg him to take Mary!

Two babes had Tom and Mary blest,
A sister and a brother;
By Tom and Mary both caress'd,
And lov'd by one another.
Now Tom an envious ague shakes,
And Death stalks in so airy;
And at his nod as Tommy quakes,
Here's Death, my dear, cries Mary!

O Death, I've oft cry'd, Mary said,
But now I do relent it,
And when a vow too rash is made,
We should of course repent it,

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That I for Tom would be thy prey;
But 'twas a strange vagary.
O! call again another day,
And let Tom keep his Mary!

Now Death had heard of Mary's vow,
And on her face did stare he;
No other day, he cry'd, but now,
I'll gripe thee fast, false Mary!
O Tom, I know thou'lt be forgiven;
Thy looks are wild and glarey!
Dear Tom, she cry'd, pray go to heav'n,
And leave behind your Mary!

LOVELY JANE.

CHERRY.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

'TWAS where sweet Shannon's silver tide
Oft wash'd the flow'ry green,
Where cowslips spring in modest pride,
And drooping lilies lean,
Like Sol's bright beam that gilds the east,
And cheers us from his fane,
To give my panting bosom rest,
Appear'd my lovely Jane.

Her eye was like a wat'ry sun,
And glisten'd with a tear;
The accents trembled on her tongue,
Her heart beat hard with fear.

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O check, I cry'd, these heaving sighs,
That falling tear restrain;
For I am come to dry the eyes
Of faithful, lovely Jane.

I know thy father for thee sought
A youth of wealth and fame;
I come with both, and honour fraught,
His daughter now to claim.
Her sparkling eyes, of heav'nly blue,
Now joyful torrents rain;
And I am blest, for she is true,
My faithful, lovely Jane.

THE LOYAL SOLDIER.

COMER.——————BLAND, LONDON.——————F. LINLEY.

Sung by Mr Page.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the hardest woe,
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been captur'd by the foe.
His heart was kind, to fear a stranger;
The name of Briton was his pride;
He nobly scorn'd to shrink from danger,
And on a bed of honour dy'd.
"For," says Ned, "whate'er befals,
"A Briton scorns to flinch or whine;
"He'll chearful go where duty calls,
"And brave all ills, but ne'er repine."

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Ned lov'd sincere the charming Kitty;
She saw, with tears, her soldier go,
And pray'd kind Heav'n to grant her pity,
And shield her Edward from the foe.
"My love," he cry'd, "thy grief give over;
"Those tears disgrace a soldier's bride."
But hapless Kitty lost her lover,—
Who on a bed of honour dy'd.
"For," says Ned, &c.

HUNTING SONG.

T. DIBDIN.——————DALE, LOND.——————DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

IN Britain, the soil which true liberty yields,
Where the lads of the chase leave repose for the fields,
The hunter, so happy, bestrides his gay steed,—
While distance and danger but add to his speed;
Who, dashing along,
Gives Echo the song:
She blithely returns it the whole of the day,
With hark! the merry horn calls us away.

By exercise brac'd, every bosom must warm,
And health, joy, and mirth, each assume a new charm;
Dian, Bacchus, and Venus, by turns take a place,
And day and night's joys are the fruits of the chase.
Whilst dashing along,
Gives Echo the song, &c.

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THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

DUDLEY.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung by Mr Blanchard.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of Life's gloom my own part,
The bright sunshine that soften'd the scene
Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour, with glee, will depart,
If at eve he expects to be bless'd
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and smiles as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

TRUE GLORY.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin.

WHAT is glory, what is fame?
That a shadow, this a name,
Restless mortals to deceive.
Are they renowned, can they be great,
Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
That mothers, children, wives may grieve?

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Ask smiling Honour to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame.
Hark! the glad mandate strikes the listening ear—
"The truest glory, to the bosom dear,
"Is when the soul starts soft Compassion's tear."

What are riches, pomp, and pow'r?
Gewgaws that endure their hour,
Wretched mortals to allure.
Can greatness reach the idly vain,
Indulging in the princely fane,
Deaf to the miseries of the poor?
Ask smiling Reason to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame.
Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the listening ear—
"The truest glory, to the bosom dear,
"Is when the soul starts soft Compassion's tear."

THE MORN UNBARS, ETC.

CHERRY.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————DAVY.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

THE morn unbars the gates of light;
The landscape smiles, in beauty bright;
The nightingales now swell their throats,
And on the wings of silence floats.
Hark, the huntsman's horn so shrill,
The woods around with echos fill!
Each sportsman mounts his panting steed,
And o'er the trembling earth they speed.

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The welkin resounds
With horns and with hounds,
Tan tara, tang, &c.

The stag pursues his eager flight;
The hunters keep their prey in sight;
The staunch old pack, with wond'rous speed,
Rush forward o'er each plain and mead.
Hark, hark, the huntsman blows his horn!
The stag's at bay—his fate's forlorn!
The trembling tear starts from his eyes,
And, lost in grief, the antler dies.
The welkin resounds
With horns and with hounds,
Tan tara, &c.

THE ZEPHYR.

LEFTLEY.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

ZEPHYR, whither are you straying?
Tell me where.
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair!
A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honey-suckles guiding,
Or in a swinging harebell riding,
Free from care.

Before Aurora's car you amble,
High in air;

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At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair:
When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottos they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves at brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share:
Now seen with love-lorn lilies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping;
While fays, from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare!

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

ANON.——————DALE, LONDON.——————MOZART.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

LIFE let us cherish, while yet the taper glows;
And the fresh flow'ret pluck, ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adown the west.

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The genial seasons soon are o'er;
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is Life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.

Away with ev'ry toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts Life's conflict meet,
Till Death sounds the retreat.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

DIBDIN.——————DIBDIN, LONDON.——————DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trowsers ey'd;
In need of firmness in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cry'd,
Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean;
Sorrow's a notion,
Grief all in vain!
Sweet love, take heart,
For we must part
In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William stood,

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When Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing;
'Tis he, she cry'd, nor shall I see him more!
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow's my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part
Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy,—
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her;
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy!
Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet
Never to part again!

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DRINK TO ME, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——HARRINGTON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll look not for wine.
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

THE STORM.

STEVENS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——ANON.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer;
List, ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea!

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From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens—set the braces,
The top-sail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces;
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in Beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but Love's alarms!
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder:
Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys;
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse;
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set;
Man the fore-yard—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;

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On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck!
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases!
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lea-beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys:
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found—it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more!
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast:
She rights, she rights, boys—we're off shore.

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Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives:
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up,—about ship wheel it;
Close to our lips a brimmer join:
Where's the tempest now; who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

ARNOLD.——PRESTON, LONDON.——REEVE.

Sung by Mr Kelly.

OH, think on my fate! Once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be;
But Pleasure is fled, even Hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea.
I was ta'en by the foe; 'twas the fiat of Fate
To tear me from her I adore;
When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,
I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate! oh, how galling my chain!
My life's steer'd by Misery's chart;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel sharp the lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore:
While round me the unfeeling billows do dash,
I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

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How Fortune deceives! Once I'd Pleasure in tow;
The port where she dwelt was in view:
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe—
I was hurried, dear Anna, from you.
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more!
Despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay—
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar!

WHEN THE MOON, ETC.—DUETT.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

WHEN the moon shines all so bright,
That flow'r-bells open to her light,
Round about the hawthorn tree
We fairies dance right merrily;
And when the fickle beam retires,
What care we—our fickle quires
Around the glow-worm's moving lustre
Still in sportive revels muster,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.

So light we tread, no flow'r we crush,
Nor break the deep ear-soothing hush;
You might, so noiseless is our tread,
Hear gossomers o'er flow'rets spread,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
All 'neath the hawthorn tree.

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Ere summer flies, in watry dell,
Between two waves of gentle swell,
We're tripping bound across the deep;
But still our nightly sports we keep,
So merrily, merrily, merrily,
On the smooth rolling sea.

O SAY, SIMPLE MAID.—DUETT.

COLEMAN.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————ANONYMOUS.

Sung by Mrs S. Kemble and Mr Bannister.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! wont they remind you
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

Ah! no; I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich, gallant vessel, with gay colours flying?

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

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O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder;
Whilst, constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

SAVOURNA DELISH.

COLEMAN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ARNOLD.

Sung by Mr Johnstone.

OH! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna delish shighan oh!
As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna delish shighan oh!
Wan was her cheek, as it hung on my shoulder,—
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
I felt that again I should never behold her,
Savournah delish shighan oh!

When the word of command put our troops into motion,
Savourna, &c.
I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
While my bosom with grief was nigh torn asunder,
Savourna, &c.

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Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true-love,
Savourna, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,—
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE VIOLET.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————WEBBE.

Sung by Mr Harrison.

THOUGH from thy bank of velvet torn,
Hang not, fair flow'r, thy drooping crest;
On Delia's bosom shalt thou find
A softer, sweeter bed of rest.

Though from mild Zephyr's kiss no more
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

Oh! be thou grateful for that bliss,
For which, in vain, a thousand burn;
And, as thou stealest sweets from her,
Give back thy choicest in return.

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TORN FROM MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

PARTIRO MIO CARO BENE.

WALCOTT.——CLEMENTI AND CO. LONDON.——POZZI.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

TORN from my heart's delight, my lover,
Ah! what will now become of me?
To grief a prey, a lonely rover,
I pour my soul in sighs for thee!
Torn from my heart's delight, &c.

THE DITTY.

CHERRY.——CORRI, LONDON.——CORRI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

HEAR me! soldier, hear me!
Just on that fatal ground
My hero dead was found!
Pity! soldier, pity!
Deep in his faithful heart
An Arab fix'd his dart;
And I, his trembling bride,
Beheld the wound, and dy'd!
Pity! soldier, pity!
He lov'd me like his life,
And call'd upon his wife,
Pity! soldier, pity!
As, from the reeking wound,
The blood bedew'd the ground!

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And now my wand'ring ghost
Doth seek him at his post!
Pity! soldier, pity!

ONCE HAPPY IN A PEACEFUL HOME.

REYNOLDS.——CLEMENTI, LONDON.——REEVE.

Sung by Mrs H. Siddons.

ONCE happy in a peaceful home,
Of Fortune's gifts I ask no other:
A prison now my father's doom;
And say, O say, where art thou, mother?

If thou hast press'd a luckless bier,
Of victims, Death, oh! take another;
Or if immur'd in cavern drear,
Boldly I'll fly to save my mother.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

DIBDIN.——DIBDIN, LONDON.——DIBDIN.

Sung by Mr Dibdin.

WHAT art thou, fascinating War,
Thou trophied, painted pest,
That thus men seek, and they abhor,—
Pursue, and yet detest?
Are Honour and Remorse the same?
Does Murder laurels bring?

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Is Rapine Glory? Carnage Fame?
Flies Crime on Vict'ry's wing?
Their wrongs who never shall return,
Their woes that but survive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets strike the ear,
Shall from the bravest wrest the sigh
That starts soft Pity's tear.

Where will Ambition's folly reach?
Sure Nature ne'er design'd
Her noble gifts an art should teach
To man, to thin his kind!
Well they deserve their country's care,
In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of the nation are,
Its glory, its delight.
Yet for their wrongs who ne'er return,
Their woes who but survive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the air,
The truly brave shall heave a sigh,
Shall vent kind Pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name,
A phantom thus pursue;
Think that, if Glory mark thy fame,
Murder shall mark it too.
Reason, and Peace, and Love, dwell here;
And if, for others' woe,

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We heave the sigh, and start the tear,
From guilt they never flow.
Ah! stay, lest thou shouldst ne'er return,
Lest I should but survive to mourn,
Lest, when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
Thy fate demand the generous sigh,
And mine the pitying tear.

THE BRITONS' WAR HYMN.

ANON.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.——————MURRAY.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

ON the verge of war we stand,
Pouring forth our fervent pray'r;
Pois'd each banner, brac'd each hand;
Death or conquest all our care!
Conscious of superior might,
Panting, glowing, for the fight!

Power above! one gracious nod
To our fervent prayers bestow!
God of armies! thundering God!
Thou shalt lead us to the foe!
Plaudits to thy name we give—
May thy name for ever live!

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AH! GENTLE HOPE.

MRS ROCH.——CLEMENTI, LONDON.——HOOK.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

AH! gentle Hope, shall I no more
Thy chearful influence share?
O must I still thy loss deplore,
And be the slave of Care?
The gloom which now obscures my day,
At thy approach would fly;
And glowing Fancy would display
A bright, unclouded sky.

Night's dreary shadows fleet away
Before the orient beam;
So sorrow melts before thy sway,
Thou nymph of cheerful mien.
Ah! seek again thy lonely breast,
Dislodge each painful fear,
Be once again my heav'nly guest,
And stay each falling tear.

THE MERMAIDS' SONG.

ELLIS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

SEA-NYMPHS, sea-nymphs, follow me
Through the azure gliding wave;
Sea-nymphs, sea-nymphs, follow me
Down to Ocean's pearly cave!

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There through coral groves we'll stray,
  There we'll braid our flowing hair,
Or with am'rous tritons play,
  Or bedeck the grot with care.

Sea-nymphs, sea-nymphs, follow me;
  See, the storm begins to low'r!
Let us quit the troubled sea;
  Let us seek the coral bow'r.
Hark! the foaming billows dash!
  Hark! the awful thunders roar!
Plunging, let us 'scape the flash,
  Or we sink to rise no more!

THE ROSE OF ABERDEEN.

RANNIE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——MRS BLAND.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

FRAE Barra vale I've ta'en my way,
  Where Nature blossoms fair to see;
For a' her beauties, rich and gay,
  Nae mair can yield delight to me.
Decreed far distant now to roam,
  So much did absence change the scene,
I've left my kindred, friends, and home,
  To seek the Rose of Aberdeen.

He was as brave a youth to see
  As ever path'd the daisied plain;
An, oh! the lightning of his e'e
  Has made my captive heart his ain.

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Aft have we, telling tales of love,
Thro' Dee's green vallies stray'd at e'en;
But now, alas! I'm doom'd to rove,
And seek the Rose of Aberdeen.

Yet Hope, wha aft, when Fortune frown'd,
My sinking spirit rais'd amain,
Will yield my soldier, honour-crown'd,
Back to these longing arms again.
Nor shall I prize my laddie less,
Because in danger he has been:
No—Glory, with a richer dress,
Will deck the Rose of Aberdeen.

WHERE THE BANNERS, ETC.

ANON.——LONGMAN AND CO. LONDON.——ATTWOOD.

Sung by Mr Sedgwick.

WHERE the banners of Glory are streaming,
Her image still lingers above;
And her eye seems all terribly gleaming,
Which glows but with transports of love.
Deeds of arms my soul inspire,
As the battling thunders roll;
She and Fame my bosom fire,
And to conquest light my soul!
And, 'mid slaughter, madly wounding,
Heroes dying, groans resounding,
Armour clashing,
Lightning flashing,

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Madly wounding,
Groans resounding,
Angel-pinion'd, o'er her lover,
With protecting wing, she'll hover,—
Valour's genius, Mem'ry's pleasure,
Guardian of Life's sacred treasure.
What can check the soldier's course,
Who, where War delights to rove,
Strikes with more than mortal force,
Urg'd by Fame, impell'd by Love?

ONLY TELL HER THAT I LOVE!

ANON.——J. BELL, LONDON.——CORRI.

A favourite Song.

ONLY tell her that I love!
Leave the rest to her and Fate:
Some kind planet from above,
Only tell her that I love!
Why, oh! why should I despair?
Mercy's painted in her eye!
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome, Hope,—and farewell, Fear!
Ye zephyrs, on your balmy gale,
Bear to my fair the tender tale;
And, whisp'ring softly from above,
Only tell her that I love!

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THE LOVER'S VISION.

ANON.——————J. BELL, LONDON.——————BRAHAM.

A favourite Song.

AS I wander'd along the sea-shore,
In a grave and contemplative mood,
I mus'd on the maid I adore,
Till before me I fancy'd she stood!
She smil'd,—and I thought she express'd,
With a voice irresistibly sweet,
That no longer she'd torture my breast,
But thenceforward my passion would meet.

With a heart quite o'erflowing with love,
I in extasy sought to embrace;
But, alas! she was flown like a dove,
And she left not to vision a trace!
Cruel Fancy, why couldst thou impose?
Why tell me that Mary was kind?
Like the sun, which brings forward the rose,
And then leaves it to die by the wind!

TARRY AWHILE WITH ME.

BY A LADY.——BLAND AND CO. LONDON.——————HOOK.

Sung by Miss Howells, at the Nobility's Concerts.

" TARRY awhile with me, my love;
" O tarry awhile with me.
" O'er hills and dales,
" Thro' woods and vales,

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" Why wander away from me, my love?
" O tarry awhile with me."

Thus sung a young shepherd, by love sore oppress'd,
When the maid of his heart he fondly address'd.
" The gayer delights you may fondly pursue,
" But you'll find no such pleasures, no lover so true:
" Then tarry awhile with me, my love;
" O tarry awhile with me."

Thus again and again he repeated the lays,
While the lasses around all join'd in his praise:
By her soft, timid glances, emboldened he grew;
She consented to love, now she found he was true.
" Then tarry awhile with me, my love;
" O tarry awhile with me."

TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

SHAKESPEARE.——HIME, LIVERPOOL.——STEVENSON.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred—
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply, reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye;
By gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies!
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it—ding dong bell.

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FAREWELL THOSE HOPES!

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

FAREWELL those hopes that, to my ardent soul,
The fairy scenes of promis'd rapture tell!
Farewell those joys that o'er my fancy roll!
And all the transports of this life, farewell!
Farewell!—farewell!

Farewell the regal glories of a crown!
The fame acquir'd, which distant time should tell!
Farewell the blooming laurels of renown!
And all that sweetens love and life, farewell!
Farewell!—farewell!

DEEP IN MY BREAST, ETC.

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

DEEP in my breast the rosy tyrant dwells,
Piercing, with cruel aim, each poison'd dart;
And if my eye the love-lorn torment tells,
It speaks the secret anguish of my heart.

Rest, rest, silly flutt'rer, rest,—
Nor let thy pain my love betray:
Hope shall hush thee in this breast,
And Time shall chase each sigh away.

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THE PARTING LOVER.

ANON.——BELL, LOND.——HOOK.

A favourite Song.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar!
But boundless oceans roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never, can divide
My heart, my soul, from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,—
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

MY DAYS OF DELIGHT, ETC.

RANNIE.——PRESTON, LOND.——ROSS.

A favourite Song.

ON Dee's flow'ry margin, the elm-tree and pine
Still wave the white cottage above,
Where lately the angel of beauty divine
Found pleasure, contentment, and love!

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...SHIELD.

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I seek to exchange it, and find
Another, as soft and as kind;
But danger attends on believing,
For men are sometimes so deceiving.
You smile—I'm afraid, sir,
That women, too, may be so;
So I've heard it often said, sir:
I, for my part, nothing know.
I've a pretty, &c.

THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

ANON.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.——————MURRAY.

A favourite Song.

YES, noble old warrior, this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds which your countrymen wrought:
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.
Despise not my youth, for my spirit is steel'd,
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my hand;
Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the field,
And as proudly would die—for my dear native land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the fight;
The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath;
And my fancy still wander'd, by day and by night,
Amid battle and tumult, 'mid conquest and death.
Despise not my youth, &c.

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I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in alarm;
And I hurl'd the mock lance thro' the objectless air,
And in open-ey'd dream prov'd the strength of my arm.
Despise not my youth, &c.

ENCAMP'D ON THE COAST.

JAMES.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————SHIELD.

Sung at the Public Concerts.

YES, I heard the roaring ocean,
Heard the beating wind and rain,
Round me, in convulsive motion,
Felt my yielding canvas strain.
Wind and water vy'd together,
Tent and tent-walls piercing thro':
Still regardless of the weather,
All my soul was turn'd to you.

Not a glimm'ring ray to cheer me,
Curtain'd only by the night;
You alone was always near me,
Image of celestial light.
Heedless of the bursting billow,
Heedless how the tempest blew,
Still I prest my moisten'd pillow,
Sigh'd, and fondly thought of you.

Spread on down, and angels waking
To protect an angel's form,

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You, perhaps, all care forsaking,
Scarcely heard the ruthless storm.
If you did, oh! say sincerely,
Fiercer as the tempest grew,
Did you think of one who dearly,
Dearly, loves to think of you?

ANNA; OR, THE ADIEU.

HARRISON.——WALKER, LONDON.——BOOK.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

WHEN the sails catch the breeze, and the anchor is weigh'd,
To bear me from Nancy, my beautiful maid,
The top-mast ascending, I look for my dear,
And sigh that her features imperfect appear:
Till, aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,
And for me see the tears trickle down her pale face;
While her handkerchief, waving, solicits my view,
And I hear her sweet lips sadly sigh out—adieu!

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail:
Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows the gale;
The gale that regards not the sighs that it bears,—
The proud waves still unmov'd, tho' augmented by tears.
Ah! will ye not one single moment delay?
Oh, think from what rapture ye bear me away!
Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to view,
And a tear drops from each, as I sigh out—adieu!

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Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,
That I still see the land where I left her behind;
The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,
Tho' lessening, my eyes beam with pleasure to see.
'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart;
'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet ne'er to part!
If the fates are propitious, to lovers so true;
But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long adieu!

THE POOR VILLAGE MAID.

CASE, JUN.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MURRAY.

Sung at the Newcastle Concerts.

IN yon neat lattic'd cot, from whose chimney, ascending,
The smoke, from the west, points a column of shade,—
Where the jasmine and woodbine their tendrils are blending,
Dwelt Mary the orphan, a poor village maid.
Enshrin'd in her bosom, sat Innocence dawning;
Whilst the soft cherub Beauty, her features adorning,
Bade the sweet glow of health, like the first blush of morning,
Yet heighten the charms of the poor village maid.

She was Grief's early victim; for Edward, her lover,
(Why, visions of bliss! why so soon do ye fade?)
By a parent's harsh mandate, was now a sad rover
On the salt waves, afar from his poor village maid.

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Her bosom, alas! now seem'd bursting with sorrow,
Tho' Fancy from Hope oft a solace would borrow,
And timidly glance on the far-distant morrow
That might haply bring peace to the poor village maid.

Ah! long was the time the fair mourner was striving
To hide what her feelings too sadly betray'd,
When tidings most dread, on a sudden arriving,
Now frenzy'd the brain of the poor village maid:
That a band of fierce negroes, the thickets wide scouring,
Had sprung on the crew, with their number o'erpow'ring,—
And, murdering her Edward, then piecemeal devouring,
Thus blasted the hopes of the poor village maid.

Oft she gaz'd, as entranc'd, on the clouds that roll'd over
The horizon, when now day's last glories decay'd;
For there would she picture the ghost of her lover,
Invoking, with smiles, his poor dear village maid.
When, at midnight, the clock at the abbey was sounding,
She would play with the ivy its dark walls surrounding,
Then list to the echo, so dreary, resounding
The hollow-ton'd steps of the poor village maid.

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ABSENCE.

T. DIBDIN.——PRESTON, LONDON.——MOOREHEAD.

Sung by Miss Daniels.

TOGETHER rear'd, we oft beguil'd,
In infant sports, the day;
How oft on me my William smil'd,
Who now is far away!

Oft as we saw the green-wood grove,
His prattle made me gay,—
While friendship ripen'd into love;
But now he's far away.

Now fair befal thee, gentle youth,
Where'er thou chance to stray;
Remember still her faith and truth,
Who mourns thee far away.

THE DOVE.

A SEQUEL TO THE THORN.

ORME.——PURDAY AND BUTTON, LONDON.——CALKIN.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

FAIR Celia had taken a dove from its nest,
Whose mate had just perish'd with cold,—
And plac'd the poor mourner close to her warm breast,
Which I eagerly sought to behold.

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Soft emblem of constancy, prithee, forbear
(She sigh'd) the fond bird to remove:
Ah! no, I reply'd, no, never, my dear,
Will I take from thy bosom the dove.

She blush'd as I spoke, and the crimson tide told
No anguish her soul had opprest;
Pure innocence beam'd o'er the beautiful mould,
And tenderness glow'd in her breast.
Detested be he, from this moment, I said,
That e'er the chaste bird would remove;
O! may thou still cherish, my beautiful maid,
In that bosom, thy emblem, the dove.

POOR LITTLE JANE.

MISS ROBINSON.——PURDAY, LONDON.——TERRAIL.

Sung at the Public Places.

THE wind it blows cold—I am wet with the rain;
Bestow a small trifle on poor little Jane:
Dejected I wander throughout this gay city,
With sonnets of love, and many a ditty;
Tho' I'm singing all day, yet my heart's fit to break;
Have pity, dear ladies, for sweet Mercy's sake.

No father, no mother,—depriv'd of a home,—
Kind friends I have none,—unheeded I roam;
I sing through the streets as I wander along,
And tears will obtrude in the midst of my song:
O buy, then, some ballads—my heart's fit to break;
Have pity, dear ladies, for sweet Mercy's sake.

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With hunger I'm fainting, and ready to die;
My tears are unfeign'd, and this heart-rending sigh:
Too true's my sad tale—it's not form'd to deceive!
O give a small pittance, an orphan relieve;
No more can I sing, for my heart's fit to break;
Have pity, dear ladies, for sweet Mercy's sake.

SHUN, YE FAIR, EACH GAY SEDUCER.

ANON.——————BIRCHALL, LONDON.——————GIORDANI.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

SHUN, ye fair, each gay seducer;
Call discretion to your aid:
Once despoil'd of virgin honour,
Pity flies the ruin'd maid.

THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

T. DIBDIN.——————TURNBULL, LONDON.——————REEVE.

Sung by Mr Incledon.

BRAVE spirits of Albion, who dar'd to expire
For a land so ennobled by you,
I invoke your lov'd ashes my breast to inspire,
While I keep your example in view;
For Pride gilds the sorrow we owe to each grave,
Where the patriot tear gilds the tomb of the brave.

Ye warriors departed, whose rage in the fight
Is chang'd to benevolent smiles,

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May the fame of your actions ne'er cease to delight;
And protect Fortune's favourite isles;
While Pride gilds the sorrow we owe to each grave,
Where the patriot tear gilds the tomb of the brave.

ISABEL IS YOUNG.

T. DIBDIN.——CORRI, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mrs Atkins.

WHEN strains like mine salute your ear,
Forgive a fault'ring tongue,
And kindly judge of what you hear,
For Isabel is young.

Then, while my grateful thanks I pay,
With trembling accents sung,
Ah! gentle friends, remember, pray,
That Isabel is young.

POLLACCA.

CHERRY.——CORRI, LONDON.——CORRI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

DULL Care, with all thy train
Of sighs and sorrows, take thy flight,
Nor let thy crew profane
The sacred transports of this night.
While joy and bliss elate,
Come, Venus, bring thy doves,

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Where Mirth shall hold her state,
'Midst flights of laughing loves.

Now, Cupid, from thy shrine
All bleeding hearts remove,
Thy darts with roses twine,
And soften pangs of love.
Dull Care, with all thy train
Of sighs and sorrows, take thy flight,
Nor let thy crew profane
The sacred transports of this night.

I LOVE YOU.

ANON.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.——————MURRAY.

A favourite Song.

WHEN Laura to Henry confess'd the soft flame,
And her lips sweetly whisper'd—I LOVE YOU!
Ah! tell me, if Henry's fond heart was to blame,
If with ardour he caught the dear girl in his arms,
And gaz'd with delight on her rapturous charms,
While her lips sweetly whisper'd—I LOVE YOU!

Transported with fervour, as silent he hung,
And in sighs only breath'd forth—I LOVE YOU!
Oh! say, if, though speech was deny'd to his tongue,
The fire of his soul did not beam in his eye,
And render all useless the tongue could supply,
While his sighs sweetly breath'd forth—I LOVE YOU!

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THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

T. DIBDIN.——CORRI, LONDON.——BRAHAM.

Sung by Mr Hill.

WHEN the widow and orphan renew
Their anguish beside the cold grave,
Where the tears of Affection bedew,
With sorrow, the tomb of the brave,
Even there lives a joy, not unmingled with pride,
If he season'd with honour the spot where he dy'd.

While he numbers the drops as they flow
From mother's full grief-swoln eye,
My boy may so soften her woe,
Lisp in accents his own this reply:—
"Weep no more—we've a joy, not unmingled with
"pride;
"For he hallow'd with honour the spot where he
"dy'd."

ALL HAIL TO THEE, ETC.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

A favourite Song.

NOW gloomy Night's black sway is o'er,
And darkness veils the earth no more;
The dawn's fair light gleams from the west;
All nature wakes, reviv'd by rest;
While dew-drops every plant adorn:
All hail to thee, enliv'ning Morn!

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Aurora, goddess blithe and gay,
By thy fair beams I love to stray;
O'er the steep mountain, through the vale,
I fearless range each hill and dale;
While dew-drops glitter on the thorn:
All hail to thee, enliv'ning Morn!

Thy sweets the mind to transports raise,
And wake the heart to pray'r and praise;
Each flow'ret that adorns the earth,
Proclaims the hand that gave it birth;
On rapture's wings my spirits borne,
Cries—"Hail to thee, enliv'ning Morn!"

SURE, THE ROSE IS LIKE A SIGH.

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MAZZINGHI.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

IF this delicious, grateful flow'r,
Which blooms but for a little hour,
Should to the sight as lovely be
As, from its fragrance, seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour shew,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And, sure, the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then to die!

My father, when our fortunes smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his sightless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But, ah! they shed no sweets for me!

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Still as the present fail'd to charm,
The trickling drop bedew'd my arm;
And, sure, the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear!

THE TUNEFUL LARK.

O'KEEFE.——PRESTON, LONDON.——ARNOLD.

Sung by Miss Harper.

THE tuneful lark, as soaring high
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And, mounting, sweetly sings.
Ambition swells its little breast,
Suspended high in air;
And, gently dropping to its nest,
Finds real pleasure there.

TEARS THAT EXHALE.

ANONYMOUS.——LONGMAN, LONDON.——ATTWOOD.

Sung by Master Walsh.

TEARS that exhale from the springs of good-nature,
Fall, like the dew, upon Sympathy's breast;
Wishes reviving bloom with fresh beauty,
And in gay colours are gaudily drest.
Yet when I think on the danger that threatens,
Fear blights my bosom with doubt and dismay;

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Fond expectation, so languid and drooping,
Fades, drops its blossoms, and withers away.
Tears that exhale, &c.

IN FRANCE I ATTENDED, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mr Banister.

IN France I attended the dames and noblesse,
And twisted their curls to the pink of the fashion;
While many a booby, my talent for dress,
Took heart, thro' his head, to discover his passion.
Till the grand Revolution defeated my jobs,—
Set each head running round, that the deuce could not stop it;
So I left them, for fear their political nobs
Might look after mine, and be tempted to crop it.

I travell'd to Holland, in hopes that Mynheer
Would permit me to mould, with some taste, his rough features;
But the Dutch, with their dams, gave me reason to fear
They would sooner be damn'd, than look like human creatures.
In England awhile I attempted to stay,—
And bus'ness at first was so great, 'twould amaze ye;
But soon I left off, for the rage of the day
Chang'd from powder or crop to *low-comedy jazy!*

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Now in Germany settled, your ladyship's slave,
No part of my business is ever neglected;
I can chat with the ladies, look merry or grave,
Or a billet-doux carry, where'er 'tis directed.
Half the world I have travers'd, and find, to my cost,
No matter to what spot or clime one convey'd is,
For time, in all nations, is only time lost,
Unless 'tis expended in pleasing the ladies.

DELIGHTFUL FREEDOM, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LOND.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss Stephens.

DELIGHTFUL Freedom, by whose pow'r,
Content, we pass the fleeting hour;
From magic torches, we may trace
Thine influence o'er the mind, the face;
Whate'er the ills our lot befal,
Thou hast the skill to charm them all.

In vain Spring's vivid hues combine,
To give the world a tint divine;
Depriv'd of thee, her colours fly,
Unheeded by the captive eye.
Confinement poisons every joy,
Makes earthly pleasures cloy;
Whilst Liberty enhances high
Each bliss we boast, beneath the sky.

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BEWARE OF LOVE!

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mr Braham.

DEEP in the fountain of this beating heart,
Free as the vital streams from thence that flow,
Dear as my life, from which I'd sooner part,
Than forget to thee the gratitude I owe!
Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range,
No, no, no, no, no, mother, no,
I'll ne'er forget the gratitude I owe!

Blithe as the rays that cheer the blushing morn,
Puls'd in this heart, dear sister, dost thou move;
Blest with each charm that can thy sex adorn,
Yet, sister, O dear sister, beware of love!
Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, oh! sister, yes,
Beware, beware of love!

SWEET MARIANNE.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————HYLER.

A favourite Song.

SWEET Marianne, thy blooming cheek,
Where health and pleasure smile;
Thy bright blue eyes, that mild bespeak
A heart devoid of guile:

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Thy flowing locks, thy fairy feet,
  Thy manners' timid grace;
Thy maiden voice, so soothing sweet;
  So passing fair thy face.

Not these the source of rapture prove,
  Sweet Marianne, to me:
But thou resemblest her I love,
  And therefore love I thee.

WHEN INCLINATION, ETC.—DUETT.

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——HOOK.

Sung by Mrs Mountain and Mrs Bland.

TRUE joy resides within the breast,
  Where flutt'ring Cupids, sportive, play;
And Hymen is a welcome guest,
  When inclination leads the way.
    True joy resides, &c.

LET NATURE SWAY, ETC.

A FAVOURITE POLLACCA.

ANON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——HOOK.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

LET Nature sway the humble mind,
  To share the joys she spreads for all;
While splendour, art, and cost combine,
  Bedeck my roof, my midnight ball.

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The ton extravaganza,
The song affetuoso,
The dance true eleganza,
The palace si pomposo.
Let Nature sway, &c.

I'VE OFTEN SEEN, ETC.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————HOOK.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

I'VE often seen a new-made pair—
The swain all rapture, sighs, and love:
Yet soon the wife droop'd in despair;
For beauty tempts, and youth will rove.
Talk not of hearts,
Of flames and darts;
Oft flatt'ry turns to snarling!
To pass my life
A happy wife,
Make me an old man's darling!
With a fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal la.

For then no rivals buz around,—
Nor, absent, spent in sighs and tears:
He's at your elbow always found;
His words made up of loves and dears.
Talk not of hearts, &c.

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THE PRIMROSE, ETC.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————HOOK.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

THE primrose, wet with morning dew,
An emblem proves of Cupid's power;
Its sweetness lost in tears we view,
O'erwhelm'd we see the beauteous flow'r.
So lovers' hopes bloom for a day,
And so their promis'd pleasures fly;
A blight their blushing sweets decay,
And drown'd in Sorrow's tears they die.
The primrose, wet, &c.

POOR ROSE.

MISS SYMMONS.——GOULDING, LOND.——————T. B. ADAMS.

A favourite Song.

COME, buy my wood-harebells—my cowslips, come, buy;
O take my carnations and jesamine sweet;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfume should die;
Ah! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat.

O ye who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half of my woes,
Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose.

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Yet once were my days happy, sweet, and serene,—
And once have I tasted the balm of repose;
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose.

Then buy my wood-harebells—my cowslips, come, buy;
O take my carnations and jesamine sweet;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfume should die;
Ah! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat.

AH! WHERE CAN I TURN, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

AH! where can I turn for relief,
Since my sorrows a sister disdains?
I have no one to soften my grief;
My heart, in sad silence, complains!
How oft have I wept at the woes
Describ'd in the poet's sad tale!
How oft did they break my repose,
When no sorrow of mine could avail!

Compassion's soft tear I have shed,
When Misery stood at my door,—
When who could have thought, or have said,
I must soon my own sorrow deplore!
By friends thus deserted around,
New woe can my sister impart?

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Yes—her scorn gives a still sharper wound,
By ingratitude barbing the dart!

MEDLEY SONG.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

IN Spain I have been, where, as travellers tell us,
The ladies are kind, and the gentlemen jealous;
Where time is still pass'd, by the haughty Hidalgoz,
In sleeping siestas, and dancing fandangoes.

(Spanish Air, sung after this Verse.)

In Italy's climes, the signors and signoras
Exist on bravissimos, caros, encoras;
And there little Cupid, with harmony blending,
Breathes out his soft sighs in a song never ending.

(Italian Air, sung after this Verse.)

In England, where beef, trade, and pudding, the rage is,
And commerce with idleness war ever wages,
John's Bull's whole delight is to help a poor neighbour,
And sings while dividing the fruits of his labour.

Tink tink a tink a tink, the sweet guittar shall cheer me;
Clink clink a clink a clink, so gaily let us sing.

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MY HENRY, ALAS! IS NO MORE.

ANON.——————GOULDING, LONDON.——————HOOK.

Sung by Mrs Mountain.

THE gardens' sweet songsters now pour forth their strains,
And the gale of the morn is enrich'd from each spray;
The shepherds' soft reed cheers the hills and the plains;
Yet I sigh, yet I droop, for my Henry's away,—
For my Henry, alas! is no more.

In the spring of the year, like the spring-time of youth,
Each object surrounding seems chearful and gay;
Their fragrance and beauties this bosom would sooth;
Yet I sigh, yet I droop, for my Henry's away,—
For my Henry, alas! is no more.

DUETT.

CHERRY.——————CORRI, LONDON.——————CORRI.

Sung by Mrs Mountain and Mr Braham.

THIS breast 'gainst female arts I lock'd;
But love will find the key!
Now crowding Cupids round it flock'd;
Its trembling tenant see!
They smile, exult, and bend each bow;
Each fix a poison'd dart!

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No mercy to my pangs they shew;
Each levels at thy heart!
What, from my fate, can mortals prove?
That wit and wisdom yield to love!

MILITARY DUETT.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mr Bannister and Mr Wewitzer.

WHEN we took the field, old Frederick led the van;
When he gave the word, we follow'd, to a man!
Then, comrade, don't you know,
Whene'er we met the foe,
How we charg'd them on the plain,
Up the hill, and down again?
When we took the field, &c.
Thro' camps and lines, defiles and works,
Christian soldiers fought like Turks,
At Bender, Prague, and at Belgrade!
Eh, comrade, don't you know?—Yaw.
When we took the field, old Frederick led the van;
When he gave the word, we follow'd, to a man!

Come, then, toss the can!—may soldiers and their wives,
When war yields to peace, at home lead happy lives!
Drink to every gallant soul,—
German, Briton, Russian, Pole;
Men who never turn'd their backs;
Charles the Twelfth, and Marshal Saxe!
Come, then, toss the can! &c.

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Here's to every great commander,—
Julius Cæsar, Alexander;
Who, in ages rude and civil,
Did not fear to fight the devil!—Yaw.
Come, then, toss the can!—may soldiers and their wives,
When war yields to peace, at home lead happy lives!

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

ANON.————LAVENU AND CO. LONDON.————KNYVETT.

A favourite Song.

WHO dwelt in yonder lonely cot?
Why is it thus forsaken?
It seems by all the world forgot:
Above its path the high grass grows,
And thro' its thatch the north wind blows,
Its thatch, by tempests shaken.
And yet it tops a verdant hill,
By summer gales surrounded;
Beneath its door, a shallow rill
Runs crawling to the vale below;
And near it sweetest flowers grow,
By banks of willow bounded.

Then why is every casement dark?
Why looks the cot so cheerless?
Ah! why does Ruin seem to mark
The calm retreat where Love should dwell,
And Friendship teach the heart to swell
With rapture pure and fearless?

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There, far above the busy crowd,
Man may repose in quiet,—
There smile that he has left the proud,
And, blest with liberty, enjoy
More than Ambition's gilded toy,
Or Folly's sick'ning riot.

The coming morn, with lustre gay,
Breath'd sweetly on the dwelling;
The twilight veil of parting day
Stole softly o'er the quiet shed,
Hiding the mountain's misty head,
Where the night breeze was swelling.
Stranger, yon spot was once the scene
Where Peace and Joy resided;
And oft the merry time has been,
When Love and Friendship warm'd the breast,
And Freedom, making wealth a jest,
The pride of pomp derided.

AH! WHAT IS THE BOSOM'S, ETC.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mr Kelly.

AH! what is the bosom's commotion,
In a sea of suspense while 'tis tost,—
While the heart, in our passions' wild ocean,
Feels even Hope's anchor is lost?
Morgiana, ah! thou art my dearest;
For thee I have languish'd and griev'd;

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And when hope to my bosom was nearest,
How oft has that hope been deceiv'd!
Morgiana, my hope was deceiv'd!

The storm of despair is blown over;
No more by its vapour depress'd,
I laugh at the clouds of a lover,
With the sunshine of joy in my breast.
Love made by a parent my duty,
To the wish of my heart now arriv'd;
I bend to the power of beauty,
And every fond hope is reviv'd.
Morgiana, my hope is reviv'd!

AH! CRUEL MAID.—DUETT.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss De Camp and Mr Kelly.

AH! cruel maid, too soon retiring,
Love's tender vows all fears remove;
Ah! cruel youth, too much desiring,
I dare not say how much I love.
Yet why this haste?—no more delay;
One moment yet—you must not stay.
{Ah! cruel youth, too much desiring;
{Ah! cruel maid, so soon retiring.
{I dare not say how much I love;
{Love's tender vows all fears remove.

By Love's pure and tender power,
This hand and heart I pledge to you;

Digitized by Google

By the blessings of this hour,
To plighted vows for ever true.
Yet why this haste?—no more delay;
One moment yet—you must away.
{ Ah! cruel youth, too much desiring;
{ Ah! cruel maid, so soon retiring.
{ I dare not say how much I love;
{ Love's tender vows all fears remove.
Good-night!

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

M. G. LEWIS.——LAVENU AND CO. LOND.——MISS ABRAMS.

A favourite Song.

" THE wind it blows cold, and the rain it beats
" hard;
" Why com'st thou, fair damsel, to Guildford church-
" yard?"
' Oh! my tears fain would moisten this grave's hal-
' low'd mould,
' And though cold be the night wind, my heart's far
' more cold!'

" But why is the rose from your cheek fled away?
" And where is the soldier so gallant and gay?"
' Oh! sorrow has wither'd health's roses so sweet,
' And the gay, gallant soldier lies dead at my feet!'

" Now tell me, fair damsel, and what shall I do
" To sooth the distress of the bosom so true?"

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'Oh! return in the morning, and, close where you
'see
'The grave of the soldier, make there one for me!'

His heart it was sad, at thus hearing her rave:
He return'd in the morning, but dug not her grave;
For his courtship soon making her Sorrow discard,
Now forgot lies the soldier in Guildford church-yard!

WHEN O'ER LIFE'S, ETC.—DUETT.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Bland and Miss De Camp.

WHEN o'er Life's sunshine clouds are cast,
The cheek will lose its bloom;
But cheering Friendship smiles at last,
And dissipates the gloom.
Alas! from early life enslav'd,
I feel the galling chain;
But Love's soft power, too long brav'd,
Inflicts a deeper pain.

AH! LITTLE BLIND BOY.

ANON.——————KELLY, LONDON.——————KELLY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

AH! little blind boy, much too often you prove us,
What tricks you delight in, how restless your reign;

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To all kinds of folly your aim is to move us,
And pleasure derive from creating our pain.
Ah! little blind boy, what sport you make of me.

Ah! to what mischief your malice poor mortals exposes,
While nothing the sting of your dart can abate;
Yet so strong is the spell your cunning imposes,
That your absence is worse than the pain you create.
Ah! little blind boy, what sport you make of me.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

INGALL.——THOMPSON, LONDON.——RIMBAULT.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

WITH face that wore a plaintive smile,
And garments clean, though tatter'd,
A look which spoke her free from guile,
And ringlets loosely scatter'd,
A little female rov'd the street,
In hopes some generous soul to meet;
And thus her plaintive accents flow'd,
In strains which Nature taught her—
"Oh! let your bounty be bestow'd,
"To help a soldier's daughter.

"My father's gone to foreign shores,
"To guard his country's honour;
"My mother oft his loss deplores,
"For Want's cold hand is on her.

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" Alas! we ne'er may see him home;
" And I an orphan, doom'd to roam!"
Again her plaintive accents flow'd,
In strains which Nature taught her—
" Oh! let your bounty be bestow'd,
" To help a soldier's daughter."

And thus along the street she past:
A soldier heard her ditty;
And on her face a look he cast,
A look of doubt and pity.
" My child," he cry'd, " shall grieve no more;
" I'm now return'd with wealth in store."
Once more her plaintive accents flow'd,
In strains which Nature taught her—
" Kind Heaven its bounty has bestow'd,
" To bless a soldier's daughter."

OH! MY BABY.

ANON.——KELLY, LONDON.——KELLY.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

LAST night I sat me down, and cry'd;
My heart as sad as may be;
For then, with hunger, almost dy'd
My little darling baby!
Oh! my baby,
My little darling baby!

Ah! how a mother's heart is griev'd
To see her infant dying!

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A savage, who her pangs perceiv'd,
Could scarce refrain from crying.
Oh! my baby,
My little darling baby!

WHAT DO I LOVE?

BETHAM.——PURDAY AND CO. LOND.——A. VOIGT.

A favourite Song.

WHAT do I love?—A polish'd mind;
A temper chearful, meek, and kind;
A graceful air, unspoil'd by art;
A voice that sinks into the heart;
A playful and expressive smile!
Alas! my heart responds the while.
All this, my Emily, is true;
But I love more, in loving you.

I love those roses, when they rise
From anger, joy, and soft surprise;
I love the kind, attentive zeal,
So prompt to know what others feel;
The mildness which cannot reprove,
But in the sweetest tones of love!
All this, my Emily, is true;
But I love more, in loving you.

The self-command which can sustain,
In silence, weariness and pain;
The transport at a friend's success,
Which has not words or power to bless,—

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But, by the sudden starting tear,
Appears more precious, more sincere!
Oh! this, my Emily, is true;
And this I love, in loving you.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

M. G. LEWIS.——LAVENU AND CO. LOND.——MISS ABRAMS.

A favourite Song.

THE frozen streets, in moonshine, glitter;
The midnight hour has long been past:
Ah me! the wind blows keen and bitter;
I sink beneath the piercing blast!
In ev'ry vein life seems to languish;
Their weight my limbs no more can bear;
But no one sooths the orphan's anguish,
And no one heeds the orphan's pray'r!

Hark! hark! for surely footsteps, near me
Advancing, press the drifted snow:
I die for food—oh! stranger, hear me;
I die for food—some alms bestow!
You see no guilty wretch implore you;
No wanton pleads, in feign'd despair:
A famish'd orphan yields before you;
Oh, grant the famish'd orphan's pray'r!

Perhaps you think my lips, dissembling,
Of virtuous sorrows feign a tale;
Then mark my frame, with anguish trembling,
My hollow eyes, and features pale!

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E'en should my story prove ideal,
Too well those wasted limbs declare
My wants, at least, are not unreal;
Then, stranger, grant the orphan's pray'r!

He's gone!—no mercy man will shew me;
In prayers no more I'll waste my breath;
Here, on the frozen earth, I'll throw me,
And wait, in mute despair, for death!
Farewell, thou cruel world, to-morrow;
No more thy scorn my heart will tear;
The grave will shield the child of Sorrow,
And Heav'n will hear the orphan's pray'r!

But thou, proud man, the beggar scorning,—
Unmov'd, who saw'st me kneel for bread,—
Thy heart shall ache to hear, at morning,
That morning found the beggar dead!
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famish'd cry thy mirth shall scare;
And often shalt thou wish, hereafter,
Thou hadst not scorn'd the orphan's pray'r!

WHEN TIME SHALL STEAL, ETC.

ANON.——————NOT YET PUBLISHED.——————MURRAY.

A favourite Pollacca.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

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Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flow'r
  Shall feél the wintry air,
Remembrance will recal the hour
  When thou alone wert fair.
Then talk no more of future gloom;
  Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
  And Memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl;
  I drink to love and thee;
Thou never canst decay in soul—
  Thou'lt still be young to me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
  Which on my cheek they find;
So Hope shall steal away the trace
  Which Sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
  Our joys, &c.

But, mark—at thought of future years,
  When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears;
  They mingle with my bowl.
How like the bowl of wine, my fair,
  Our loving life shall fleet!
Those tears may sometimes mingle there;
  The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the bowl, &c.

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AH! TELL ME WHY?

ANONYMOUS.——GOULDING, LONDON.——THOMPSON.

A favourite Song.

AH! tell me why, when you are near,
My heart with sweetest transport swells?
And why your absence draws a tear,
When mem'ry on your beauty dwells?
What means the blush that dyes my cheek?
And what the deep, unbidden sigh?
And why I tremble when you speak,
Or chance to gaze?—ah! tell me why?

Has the soft passion o'er my breast,
E'en to myself unconscious, stole?
Do ceaseless care and banish'd rest
Proclaim its empire o'er my soul?
Ah! if 'tis so, must I conceal,
And from its influence seek to fly?
Why may I not my love reveal,
And plead return?—ah! tell me why?

TO THE BLUE-BELL.

ROBINSON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MURRAY.

A favourite Song.

BLUE-BELL, how gaily art thou drest!
How neat and trim art thou, sweet flow'r!
How silky is thy azure vest!
How fresh to flaunt at morning's hour!

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Couldst thou but think, I well might say,
" Thou art as proud, in rich array,
" As Lady Blithesome, young and vain,
" Prank'd up with folly and disdain,
" Vaunting her pow'r,
" Sweet flow'r ! "

Blue-bell, O couldst thou but behold,
Beside thee, where a rival reigns,
All deck'd in robe of glossy gold,
With speckled crown of ruby stains;
Couldst thou but see this cowslip gay,
Thou wouldst with envy faint, and say,
" Hence from my sight, plebeian vain,
" Nor hope, on this my green domain,
" For equal pow'r,
" Bold flow'r ! "

Poor rivals, could ye but look round,
On yonder hillock ye would see
The nettle, with its fang to wound,—
The hemlock, fraught with destiny.
On them the sun its morning beam
Pours, in as rich, as bright a stream,
As on the fairest rose that rears
Its blushing brow 'midst Nature's tears,
Chilling its pow'r,
Faint flow'r !

Then why dispute this wide domain?
Since Nature knows no partial care,
The nipping frost, the pelting rain,
Both will, with equal ruin, share.

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Then what is vain distinction, say,
But the short blaze of summer's day?
And what is pomp and beauty's boast?
An empty shadow, seen and lost.
Such is thy pow'r,
Vain flow'r!

THE HAUNTED BEACH.

ROBINSON.——GOULDING, LONDON.——MURRAY.

A favourite Ballad.

UPON a lonely, desert beach,
Where the white foam was scatter'd,
A little shed uprear'd its head,
Though lofty barks were shatter'd.
The sea-weeds, gath'ring near the door,
A sombre path display'd;
And all around the deafening roar
Re-echo'd on the chalky shore,
By the green billows made!

Above a jutting cliff was seen,
Where sea-birds hover'd, craving;
And all around the crags were bound
With weeds, for ever waving;
And here and there a cavern wide
Its shadowy jaws display'd;
And near the sands, at ebb of tide,
A shiver'd mast was seen to ride,
Where the green billows stray'd!

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And often, when the moaning wind
  Stole o'er the summer ocean,
The moonlight scene was all serene,
  The waters scarce in motion.
Then while the smoothly-slanting sand
  The tall cliff wrapt in shade,
The fisherman beheld a band
Of spectres, gliding hand in hand,
  Where the green billows play'd!

And then above the haunted hut
  The curlews, screaming, hover'd;
And the low door, with furious roar,
  The frothy breakers cover'd:
For in the fisherman's lone shed
  A murder'd man was laid,
With ten wide gashes in his head;
And deep was made his sandy bed,
  Where the green billows play'd!

And since that hour the fisherman
  Has toil'd and toil'd in vain,
For all the night the moony light
  Gleams on the spectred main!
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,
  The murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply-yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illume,
  Where the green billows play!

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WHY REPRESS FOND LOVE'S, ETC.

HAMPER, ESQ.———PRESTON, LONDON.———HOWGILL.

A favourite Madrigal.

WHY repress fond Love's emotion?
Why the mighty pow'r disown?
Call it not fantastic notion!
Gods the pleasing pain have known.

Jove did roguish Cupid follow;
Bacchus sigh'd, and left his wine;
Blust'ring Mars and gay Apollo
Each confess'd the flame divine.

Then shall mortals, rashly daring,
Doubt what all believe above?
No, no more the truth forswearing,
Though on earth, like gods we'll love.

FEMALE HARDSHIP.

M. P. ANDREWS.—LAVENU AND CO. LOND.——MISS ABRAMS.

A favourite Ballad.

WHEN our tortur'd bosoms bleed,
Think you, in our looks, to read
Why the starting tear will flow!
Eyes may moisten as we feel;
Sighs escape us, but reveal.
Surely, no—ah, surely, no!

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Fearless man, when wrung by care,
Boldly will his griefs declare:
  Friendship then may balm bestow!
Timid females, check'd by pride,
Doom'd to suffer, forc'd to hide.
  Double woe—yes, double woe!

Pangs, which time can never cure,
We, in silence, must endure:
  All may guess, but none must know!
Fate wounds us in the tend'rest part,
The nerve which trembles round the heart.
  There's the blow—ah, there's the blow!

THE RIVER QUEEN.

ANON.——————PRESTON, LONDON.——————FLORIO.

Sung by Mrs Bland.

THE water rush'd, the water swell'd!
  A fisherman sat nigh,
With tranquil look his line beheld,
  And gaz'd with vacant eye!
As thus he sits with careless look,
  In twain the water flows,
And, crown'd with reeds, from out the brook
  A lovely woman rose!

To him she sung, to him she said,
  "Why tempt'st thou from the flood,
"By arts of cruel man betray'd,
  "Fair youth, my scaly brood?

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" Ah! knew'st thou how we find it sweet
" Beneath the waves to go,
" Thyself would leave the hook's deceit,
" And live with us below!

" Love not their splendour in the main
" The sun and moon to lave?
" Look not their beams as bright again,
" Reflected from the wave?
" Tempts not this river's glassy blue,
" So tranquil, clear, and bright?
" Tempts not thy shade, which bathes in dew,
" And shares our cool delight?"

The water rush'd, the water swell'd!
The fisherman sat nigh,
With wishful glance the brook beheld,
And long'd the wave to try!
To him she said, to him she sung,
The river's guileful queen!
Half in he fell, half in he sprung,
And never more was seen!

SWEET IS THE SERAPH SONG, ETC.

HAMPER, ESQ.——PRESTON, LONDON.——HOWGILL.

A favourite Song.

SWEET is the seraph song of Peace;
It softly trills upon the ear,
And bids the throbbing tumult cease,
And tells of joy and comfort near.

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See young Delight, with sparkling eyes,
Elated, hears the welcome strain;
While Discord, hated Discord, flies,
And Plenty leads her smiling train.

But, to the hero, sweeter far
The clanging trump that calls to war:
His soul of fire feels no delight
In dulcet notes;—he seeks the fight,
And, 'mid the sleety show'r
Ten thousand bowmen pour,
Exults in victor's pride, and puts the foe to flight.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Sung by the Principal Vocal Performers.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
O save us all!

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Thy choicest gifts, in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour;
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King!

O grant him long to see
Friendship and unity
Always increase!
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey;
Join, heart and voice—huzza!
God save the King!

"From ev'ry latent foe,
"From the assassin's blow,
"God save the King!
"O'er him thine arm extend,
"For Britain's sake defend
"Our father, prince, and friend;
"God save the King!"

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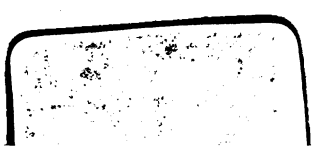

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